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FAME AND FORTUNE

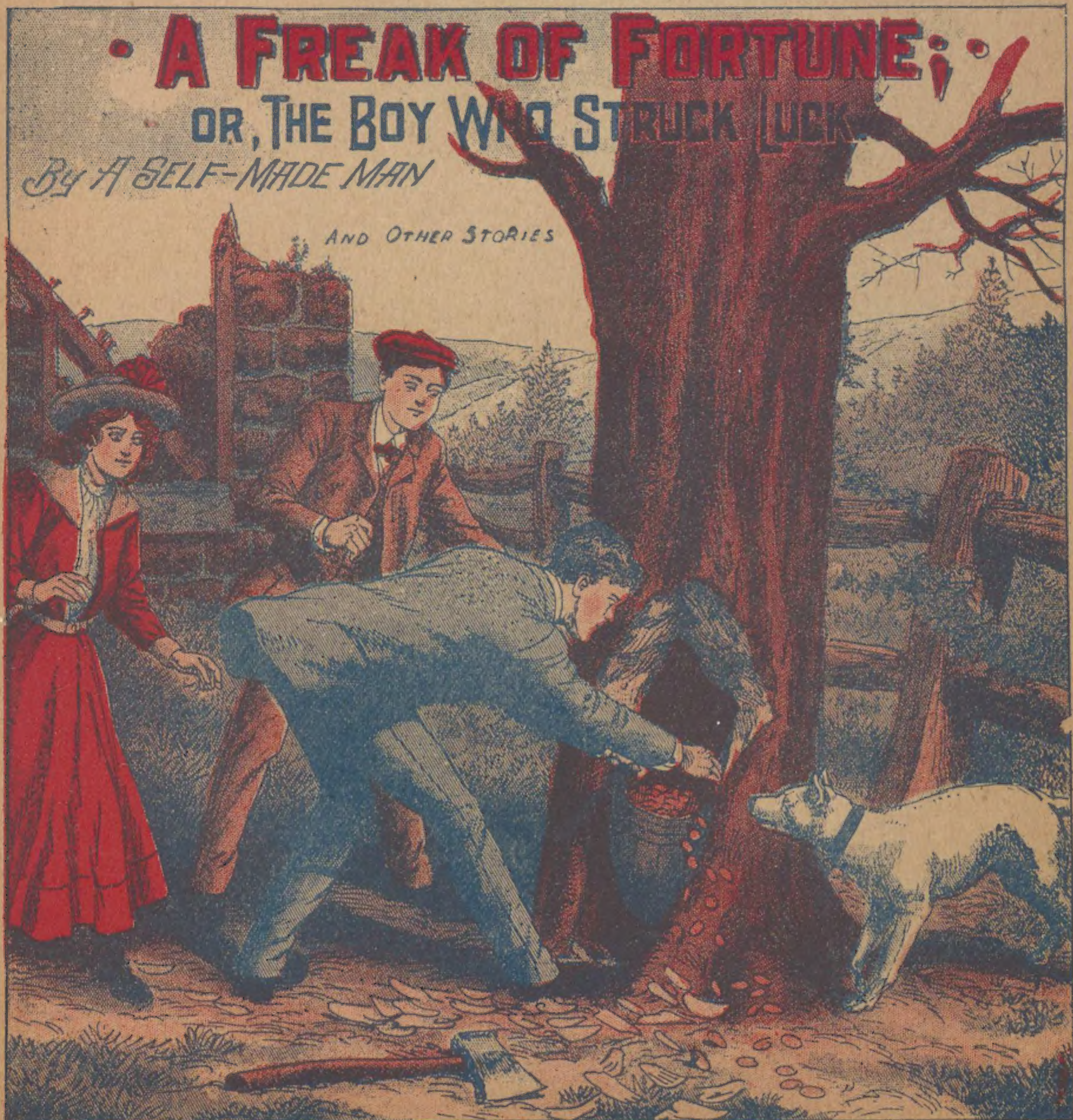
Stories of **WEEKLY** Who make **MONEY.**
BOYS

• **A FREAK OF FORTUNE;** •

OR, THE BOY WHO STRUCK LUCK.

By A SELF-MADE MAN

AND OTHER STORIES



Throwing the axe aside, Dick seized the barrel and tried to dislodge it from its hiding-place. "Gee whiz!" exclaimed Casperfield. "It's chock full of money." Such was the fact, and Bonnie Barton uttered a little shriek of delight.

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NEW YORK, MARCH 27, 1925

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A FREAK OF FORTUNE

OR, THE BOY WHO STRUCK LUCK

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—The Black Sloop.

"Is supper ready, mother? I'm as hungry as a hunter," cried Dick Leslie, bustling into a modest-looking cottage on the suburbs of a good-sized and wide-awake village in the Golden West, hanging his cap on a convenient hook and grabbing the little, sad-faced woman, who welcomed him with a sweet smile, around the waist, gave her a hearty hug and kiss.

"Yes, Dick, ready and waiting. Did you see your father anywhere in the village?" asked his mother, with an anxious expression.

"No, mother," replied the boy, with a frown. "I haven't seen Mr. Brand since this morning."

Dick never called his mother's second husband father. And for good reason. Mr. Brand was not a man who appealed to his love and respect in any way. He was an idle, good-for-nothing individual against the world in general, and his step-son in particular. He disliked Dick Leslie because the sturdy, good-looking and intelligent boy wasn't his own flesh and blood, and continually remained him of a better man than himself.

Dick practically supported his mother and step-father with the small wages he received as clerk in the principal general store of the village. He wouldn't have been able to do this but for the fact that his mother owned the little cottage and the acre of land surrounding it. Probably the real cause for Mr. Brand being down on his step-son was the fact that Dick had long since refused to turn his wages over to him as master of the house.

Had the boy done so most of it would have gone into the till of Smith, the tavern-keeper, and the little family would have fared poorly, indeed—not that they lived any too sumptuously as it was, Mrs. Brand having a continual struggle to make ends meet. Once on a time George Brand had been a fairly industrious mechanic—that was when he paid court to, and finally married, the pretty young widow of Jack Leslie, an enterprising carpenter and builder, who had come to an untimely death through a fall from a house he was building in the village. Brand, being naturally shiftless, was easily led from the path of industry by the specious arguments of a demagogue

who drifted into the village, took up his temporary residence at Smith's tavern, and put in a large part of his time expounding his theories based on the inequalities of life, and the unfair, as he termed it, distribution of wealth and labor. His oratory made such an impression on Mr. Brand that he gradually shirked his daily toil and soon became a regular visitor at the tavern, often remaining there until the place was closed at eleven at night.

Of course, as soon as Mr. Brand ceased to work, money ceased to flow in his direction, and the result was that Dick Leslie had to finish his schooling in a hurry and take advantage of a situation offered him by Mr. Simpson, who ran the general store. Dick had now been working a year at the store, and his employer often declared that the lad was so smart and honest that he wouldn't lose him for a farm.

"He hasn't been home all day," said Mrs. Brand, in answer to her son's reply.

"That isn't anything unusual, is it?" answered Dick, as he took his seat at the table and began to eat.

"No," she replied, mournfully.

"I'll bet I could find him at the tavern if I went there," went on Dick. "He drinks up all he earns, when he feels disposed to work, and every cent you can make you give up."

"He gets very little from me," replied his mother. "I can't spare any money. I am trying to save a bit now to meet the tax bill, which is overdue."

"Never mind, mother, there are better times in store for you. I will soon be a man, and able to earn a man's wages, and then you will fare better."

Dick, having finished his supper, got up from the table.

"I am going over to the Casperfield farm to see Joe, mother," said Dick, reaching for his cap.

"Very well, my son. You won't be away late, will you?"

"Of course not, for I've got to get up early in order to be at the store on time."

Thus speaking, Dick passed out of the house and took the road that led away from the village.

The long summer day was just drawing to its

close, but it was still quite light, and Dick expected to reach the Casperfield farm before dusk had given way to night. This was Thursday, the day on which Dick left the store early, that is, five o'clock—on other days he worked till eight.

The head of the creek was a lonesome, marshy spot, plentifully wooded, and was seldom visited by any one. As Dick approached the upper section of the creek on this occasion he was surprised to see, through an opening in the trees, the mast and halliards of a small sailing craft.

Dick thought it was a strange place for a boat to be, and, his curiosity being excited, he left the beaten path and walked over to the trees to take a look at her. Making his way through the bushes, he at length came out into an open spot close to where the vessel was secured to the stump of a dead tree, near the stream. The craft in question was sloop rigged, and was painted a dead black, that time and the weather had somewhat rusted.

Her mainsail, which hung loose about the boom, just as it had been lowered, and her jib, lying in a heap on the short bowsprit, were old and dirty.

There was a small main hatch, which was covered, and a scuttle forward, between which it and the bowsprit projected a stovepipe that indicated the presence of a sort of galley under the deck.

She was steered by an ordinary tiller, the wood of which was polished from constant handling.

Dick, as he viewed her critically, fore and aft, could not but wonder why she had been brought up to such a dreary and unfrequented spot.

Dick had half a mind to step aboard and look into her cabin, but considering that he had no right to do this he was turning away to resume his walk when a hand was roughly laid on his shoulder from behind and a voice that was familiar to him grated on his ear:

"What in thunder are you spying around here for?"

He wheeled around and faced the scowling face of—his stepfather.

CHAPTER II—The Red-Headed Man.

"You here, Mr. Brand?" Dick ejaculated.

"Yes, I'm here," growled his stepfather. "What brings you here? Why ain't you at the store?"

"I'm always off Thursdays at five."

"Then why ain't you home?"

"I was home for supper. I'm now on my way to the Casperfield farm."

"I reckon there's a lane leading from the road, quarter of a mile further on, that goes to the farm. Why didn't you take it if you're going there?"

"Because this way is shorter."

"Thinking of crossing the marsh, I suppose?" said Mr. Brand, with an ugly grin.

"Of course not. The marsh isn't passable on foot."

"I know it isn't."

"Then why did you ask me such a foolish question?"

"Just to see how much of a liar you are."

"You've never known me to lie yet, Mr. Brand," replied Dick, indignantly.

"You're lying when you say you came to this creek because it's a short road to the Casperfield farm. You couldn't follow this creek no further than a dozen feet, and you know it as well as I do."

"I didn't expect to follow the creek. There's a path on the other side of these trees. I was walking along that."

"Why didn't you stick to it, then? What brought you here, butting into what doesn't concern you?"

"I happened to see the mast and rigging of this sloop through the trees, and thinking it a queer place for a vessel to be I came over to take a look at her."

"Well, you haven't any business to come over and look at her," snarled Mr. Brand.

"Why not?" asked Dick, in a surprised tone. "What difference does it make?"

"It makes a lot of difference."

"Do you know anything about this sloop?"

"None of your business whether I do or not," replied Mr. Brand, angrily.

At this moment a shock of red hair, a smoothly shaven, tough-looking countenance, and a pair of ox-like shoulders, rose out of the companion-way opening to the cabin of the sloop, and a coarse voice demanded to know who were there.

"It's me and that young monkey of a stepson of mine," replied Mr. Brand, in reply to the hail.

"What's he doin' here, Brand?" said the red-headed individual in no pleasant way. "I thought you knew better than to bring him along."

"I didn't bring him. I found him here."

The red-headed man extricated the rest of his husky body from the stairway and sprang ashore, with a scowl on his face. Three strides carried him to where Dick was talking to his stepfather.

"Look here, young feller, what brought yer nosin' around these diggin's?" he asked, sharply.

"To see what kind of a vessel was moored so far up the creek. I never saw one up this way before."

"Oh, yer didn't? What business is it of yours whether a vessel is anchored up this way or not?"

"It isn't any of my business."

"Did anybody tell yer this sloop was anchored here?"

"No."

"Then what's yer reason for comin' over to the creek?"

Dick repeated to him the same explanation of his presence in that locality that he had given his stepfather. The red-headed man listened to his statement with evident disbelief.

"Yer think yer kin hoodwink me, do yer? Well, I'm too old a bird to be caught with chaff. I've cut my eye teeth long ago, afore you were born."

"All right," replied Dick, indifferently. "Have it your own way."

Having no further interest in remaining on the spot, he started to walk away.

"Hold hard, young feller, yer ain't goin' off in such an all-fired hurry as that!" cried the red-headed man, reaching out and grabbing him by the arm.

"What's the matter with you?" demanded Dick, trying to shake himself free.

"Don't yer worry about me. Where was yer goin' in such a rush?"

"I was going about my business. Take your hand off my arm."

"Jest hear the young bantam crow!" sneered the tough-looking man. "Do yer allow him to talk back to yer in that way at the house, Brand?" he added, looking at Dick's stepfather, mockingly.

Mr. Brand scowled, but made no reply.

"Are you going to let me go?" asked Dick, angrily. "You haven't any right to treat me in this way."

"No, I'm not goin' to let yer go till I'm good and ready, see? And I reckon I'll treat yer jest as it suits me."

"Maybe you'll regret handling me in this fashion," retorted Dick. "I haven't interfered with you in any way, but you're treating me in an outrageous manner. I guess there must be something wrong about you and your old sloop or you wouldn't be so inquisitive as to my reasons for being in this neighborhood."

That was an unlucky speech of Dick's. The man, with a wrathful imprecation, suddenly raised his fist and struck him a heavy blow on the side of the head. Dick reeled, grasped wild at the air and fell flat on the ground. Then his senses fled.

CHAPTER III.—In the Hold of the Black Sloop.

It was a brutal and cowardly blow, and if Mr. Brand had had a spark of decent feeling in him he would at least have protested against his companion's savage and uncalled-for assault on his stepson. Mr. Brand, however, did not make the faintest kind of a protest when he saw Dick lying completely knocked out on the earth. Owning Dick as he did a long-standing grudge, which he was unable to wipe out himself, he was glad to see somebody else do him up.

"You hit him a pretty hard wallop, Sykes," chuckled Mr. Brand. "I guess he'll remember that fist of yours for some time to come."

"I reckon he will, Brand. There don't seem to be no love lost between you and him," grinned the red-headed man.

"I should say not. I hate the measly cub. I haven't been able to get him to cough up a cent of his wages since he went to work," remarked Mr. Brand in an injured tone. "My good money helped raise him from a kid, and that's the way he turns on me."

"Then why don't yer take the boy's wages away from him if he won't part with the stuff willin'ly?"

"The old woman would put up a big howl if I did that, as she thinks the sun, moon and stars rise and set in that kid."

"What need you care? If I was in your shoes, and the wife set up her toot I'd give her a tap or two on the jaw, and I'll wager she'd close up as tight as a clam after that. I wouldn't stand no foolin' from any woman. The trouble with you, Brand, yer don't put yer foot down hard enough. Well, what are we goin' to do with this precious stepson of yours? If we let him go he's sure to tell about this sloop bein' moored up here. Then to-morrow mornin', when to-night's work at the bank is discovered, sus-

picion will at once point in our direction, and we may not be able to get away as easily as we've counted on."

"I don't care what you do with him," answered Brand.

"Then we'd better tie his hands behind his back and keep him a prisoner in the hold till we get ready to shake the sloop for good. Then you kin come back to the village if yer want to with yer share of the plunder, and live like a swell guy. The boy, when he gets back, won't give you away on account of yer connection with the family. If yer was arrested and clapped in jail it would disgrace him and the old woman. So he's safe to keep his jaw closed."

"All right," replied Brand. "We'll tie him and keep him in the hold. He won't learn for sure that we've had anything to do with robbing the Haywoods Bank. If you look after him yourself, that is, take him his grub and such, he needn't know that I'm aboard the sloop at all."

Sykes favored his companion with an unpleasant look, as if he thought that Mr. Brand was taking a selfish interest in his own welfare.

"I reckon we ain't got no time to lose, for the kid will soon get his senses back. Go down into the cabin and yer'll find some pieces of rope in the starboard locker. Fetch it here and I'll truss him up in short order."

Brand hastened aboard the sloop to get the rope. He had no trouble in finding it, and the senseless boy was soon bound hand and foot. Then, between them, they lifted Dick and carried him over on the vessel's deck. Sykes took the cover off the hatchway, jumped into the hold and disappeared. In a few minutes he came back to the hatch.

"Hand me the kid," he said, holding up his arms to catch the boy.

Mr. Brand raised Dick and lowered him over the combings of the hatch. The red-headed man received Dick in his muscular grasp, carried him over to where a pile of sacks were bunched in a corner of the hold near the cabin bulkhead, and dropped him on them, as he might have done with a sack of potatoes. Then he left the hold and replaced the hatch cover, leaving Dick to recover his wits at his leisure and in the dark. It might have been ten minutes later that the boy came to his senses.

"Where am I at now?" he asked himself, as he tried to put out his hands and rise, only to discover that they were bound behind his back. "My gracious!" he ejaculated. "I'm a prisoner! My ankles are tied together also. This is a pleasant predicament, I must say. Mr. Brand seems to be a party to this outrage. He and that red-headed stranger are clearly friends. That chap looks like a jail-bird, to my way of thinking. A pretty associate for my mother's husband."

As Dick didn't enjoy the sensation of having his arms secured in such an awkward way, he naturally tried to see if he couldn't work them loose. At first his efforts in this direction met with little success, but he was a persevering boy, and after tugging at the rope, and working his wrists around, he finally succeeded in drawing one of his hands out of limbo. The other hand easily followed and his arms were at liberty.

Then he put his hand in his pocket, got out his jackknife and severed the cord that held his

feet together. He had a small box of matches in his vest-pocket, and striking one of them, the glare gave him a line on his surroundings.

"Why, I'm in the hold of the sloop. I might have guessed that," he cried.

The place was littered with odds and ends of rope, sail-cloth, blocks, old boxes, and other articles thrown around haphazard upon a lot of pig-iron ballast. The cabin bulkhead was right behind him, while another bulkhead forward separated the hold from the galley in the forepeak. He was about to make a move for freedom when he heard voices in the cabin behind him.

"That must be my respected stepfather and the red-headed man talking together. I wonder if I'm the subject of the conversation? I'd like to hear what they're saying," breathed Dick, with no little curiosity.

He examined the bulkhead until he found a convenient knothole. Then he placed his ear to the hole and listened attentively. He had no difficulty in making out all the men said.

"We'll drop down the creek about one o'clock," Sykes was saying. "That will bring us to the wharf I have picked out in about half an hour or so, and we'll be able to reach the rear of the bank by two, when every one in the village is sound asleep. We ought to have a clear field before us. A jimmy will soon let us into the bank buildin', and I'll bet we'll catch the watchman unawares. It will be a small matter to bind and gag him so that he'll be helpless. I've the tools that'll open the safe in short order, and then all we'll have to do is to clean the place out as slick as a whistle. I look on this job as a regular snap for a chap of my experience, and there isn't one chance in a hundred that anybody will be able to trace the matter to us. No one will suspect you, at any rate, unless it might be that stepson of yours, and he won't say a word for the sake of his old woman."

"Do you think he'll be safe in the hold with the sloop alongside the wharf while we're away on this job?" asked Brand.

"Sure he'll be safe. He's bound fast enough, and with the hatch cover on there isn't any chance at all of his givin' us the slip, or findin' out what we're up to."

"Suppose somebody should go aboard the vessel and look around while we're at the bank?"

"What! at two in the mornin'? Don't you worry. There won't be a soul near that wharf before daylight, and we'll be off down the lake by that time."

The two men continued to talk about their nocturnal enterprise for a while longer, and then Sykes got up and said he guessed he would start in and cook supper. He told Brand to take the crockery, knives and forks, and so-forth, out of one of the locks and set the table, and then he left the cabin and went forward to the forepeak.

He determined that he must try and prevent his stepfather from mixing himself up in the matter. But how was he to do this?

"I must get away at once and see Mr. Tewksbury, the head constable. He's a good friend of mother's, and no doubt he'll be able to figure out some plan to save my stepfather before he has committed himself too far."

Dick struck another match and cautiously looked for the hatch. As soon as he located it he brought a couple of boxes underneath it so that he could reach it easily.

If it was fastened down by a heavy weight he could do nothing. He pressed against the hatch cover, and to his great satisfaction it yielded to his touch and rose upward. He did not dare lift it more than a couple of inches until he could see whether the deck was deserted. There were several circumstances against him. It was a warm, calm night, and though the moon was not up, the sky was so clear and resplendent with stars that objects of any size were visible for some distance around the spot. Clearly, he couldn't hope to escape observation if either Mr. Brand or the red-headed man happened to raise his head above the deck the moment he was making his break for freedom, and such a contingency was as likely to happen as not.

"I guess I'd better wait a while," thought Dick. "No use of spoiling everything by rushing matters. When they start to eat their supper in the cabin will be a good time to make the venture."

The odor of steak and fried onions now permeated the hold, and Dick figured that the meal would soon be transferred to the cabin. He waited impatiently for that moment to come. The clatter in the forepeak continued for a while longer, and then Sykes made several trips between that spot and the cabin. Once more Dick placed his eye to the knothole in the cabin bulkhead and saw that the two men were at supper.

"Now is my time to get away," he thought. "If I'm cautious they'll never get on to me."

He moved carefully over to the boxes, mounted them and proceeded to raise the hatch cover. Then something happened that he had not calculated on. Sykes had left a small saucepan on the hatch, and as soon as Dick tilted the cover it slid off and rolled along the deck with a lively clatter.

Dick expected nothing else than the immediate lifting of the hatch and the appearance of the hard-looking ruffian in the hold. Nothing like that happened, but something else did. When Sykes reached the deck he looked around, with an eye sharpened by experience. The first thing that caught his glance was the saucepan, bottom up, on the deck. He remembered then that he had left it on the hatch.

The next thing he saw was the indistinct figure of a boy in the near distance. With an exclamation of anger, he jumped to the conclusion that their prisoner had in some unaccountable manner managed to free himself, had slipped out of the hatch, disturbing the saucepan, and was making off as fast as he could.

He shouted down the companionway to Mr. Brand, and clearing the space between the sloop and the shore started in pursuit. The boy had stopped on hearing the racket, as if surprised at the circumstance, and the red-headed man had

CHAPTER IV.—How a Saucepan Got Joe Casperfield In Trouble.

Dick was both astonished and disturbed at what he had heard. So his stepfather and the red-headed man were going to try and rob the village bank that night. He felt that the disgrace of it would almost kill his mother, and he de-

no difficulty in coming up with him. As the woods cast a gloom over the spot where he stood, Sykes did not at once see that this was a different boy altogether. He concluded that the supposed Dick, perceiving that he would be overtaken, had stopped to put up a fight. Sykes believed that the first blow counted best, and rushing at the boy hit him a jab in the jaw that sent the astonished young stranger to the ground.

He seized the dazed lad by the collar of the jacket and hauled him across to the schooner's deck, where Mr. Brand was awaiting the outcome of a situation that he did not quite comprehend.

"Yer precious stepson was givin' us the slip on the quiet, but he didn't get far, all the same," growled Sykes.

Mr. Brand looked down at the prisoner, and then exclaimed:

"Why, this isn't Dick Leslie—it's his friend, Joe Casperfield."

"What!" roared Sykes, looking closer. "It isn't——"

Then he saw that his companion was right. By that time the maltreated lad had recovered his wits and sat up.

"What are you abusing me in this way for?" he demanded, angrily. "Who do you take me for, anyway?"

The two men stared at him without replying. "I took yer for somebody else," growled Sykes, at length.

"Why, is that you, Mr. Brand? Do you know if Dick is at the house? He promised to come over and see me to-night. I got tired of waiting for him and was just going over to your cottage to see why he hasn't shown up."

"No, I don't know nothing about him," answered Mr. Brand, in sulky tone.

"Then you don't know where he went after supper?" persisted Joe.

"No, I don't."

Joe started to go when it suddenly struck him that this sloop was moored in a strange place. He stopped and looked her over in a way Sykes didn't like.

"What yer lookin' at?" he demanded, aggressively.

"I'm looking at this sloop. What is she doing so far up the creek?"

"None of yer blamed business what she's doin' here," retorted Sykes. "Git!"

Joe judged from his threatening manner that that was the best thing for him to do, and he was about to step ashore when Dick, who had been attracted underneath the hatch by the conversation he had heard going on, yelled out:

"Hel-lo, Joe! I'm a prisoner in the hold."

The air being so still every word came distinctly to the ears of those on deck.

"Why, that's Dick voice now!" cried Joe, in great surprise. "He says he's a prisoner in the hold. His voice came right up through the hatch. What's the meaning of this, Mr. Brand?" he concluded, suspiciously.

"Git ashore, will yer?" roared Sykes, grabbing Joe by the arm and trying to force him over the side.

"I won't go ashore till I understand what this means," replied Joe, pluckily.

"Yer won't go, eh?" snarled Sykes, raising his hairy fist.

"Why is Dick shut up in the hold of this sloop, Mr. Brand?" asked Joe, turning to his chum's stepfather. "You just told me that you didn't know anything about him. You better let Dick out or I'll see to it that he does get out."

"Yer will, you little monkey!" gritted Sykes. "I've stood all the sass I'm goin' to from yer. If yer'd known when yer was well off yer'd have dusted when I told yer to first. Now yer've got to take the consequences."

"What do you mean?" asked Joe, stepping back.

"I'll show yer what I mean, you measly cub!" answered Sykes, springing on him and bearing him to the deck. "Yer'll go and keep yer friend company in the hold, and see how yer'll like to be shut up there yourself."

Sykes turned Joe over, and placing his knee in the small of his back, snatched up a piece of rope and bound his arms tightly behind him.

"Pull off that hatch, Brand," he said, sharply. "Why don't yer do as I tell yer?" he roared, as Dick's stepfather hesitated.

Mr. Brand obeyed the order, seemingly as if he did not approve of the proceedings, and Sykes lifted Joe up bodily and lowered him down into the hold.

"Now go and find yer side-partner, yer young kangaroo," said the red-headed man, slamming the hatch cover on and then looking around for something to put on top of it as an extra precaution.

He thought of the water-keg in the forepeak, and getting it placed it where he thought it would do the most good, then he and Brand returned to the cabin to finish their interrupted supper which was rather cold by this time.

CHAPTER V.—On the Eve of a Crime.

"Hello, Joe!" said Dick, coming up and seizing his chum by the arm, as the hatch cover was replaced by the red-headed man. "I guess I've got you into trouble by yelling out to you. But never mind; we'll get out of this scrape all right before long."

"Why, Dick, how is it that you're a prisoner down here?" asked Joe, facing his friend in the darkness of the hold.

"I'll tell you after I cut you loose," replied Dick, getting out his knife and slashing away at the rope that held Joe's arms together.

In a moment or two Joe was free of his bonds. Then Dick hurriedly told him how he had got into his unpleasant fix.

"Now wait here till I take a look into the cabin through a knothole. If both Mr. Brand and his companion are in there we'll make an effort to get out, just as I was about to do before you turned up, only I was balked by a saucy rascal that the red-headed ruffian must have left on the hatch. It rolled off with a racket that brought the rascal on deck. Then it seems he caught you thinking it was me making my escape. I'll be back in a moment."

Dick found that his stepfather and Sykes were busily making up for last time at the table, so he lost no time putting the two boxes into position again, climbing up and shoving at the hatch

cover. This time he was greatly disappointed to find that it resisted his efforts. So he dismounted and laid the boxes aside again.

"We can't get out for the present, Joe," he said. "There's something on the hatch cover, holding it down. We'll have to wait and trust to luck."

Then he asked his chum to tell him how he happened to run foul of the red-headed man.

"Why, it was this way," explained Joe: "I got tired of waiting for you to show up at the house, as you promised to do, and I was on the way to your home to find out why you hadn't come. As I was passing the corner of the wood I heard a racket in the direction of the head of the creek. It must have been that saucepan you say you knocked off the hatch. Then I heard a man's voice shouting out something. As I had no idea that there was anybody, much less a vessel, at this end of the creek, I stopped to listen."

"Then that big ruffian came rushing toward me. He never said a word but knocked me down with a blow from his heavy fist before I had any suspicion of what was going to happen. Then after saying something about me trying to get away, he dragged me aboard this sloop. I guess you must have heard what followed. He had attack me by mistake, thinking I was you, but I didn't get on to his blunder, for I was hopping mad. If you hadn't yelled out, I guess I should have got off all right, but then I wouldn't have known you were a prisoner in this hold."

"They have planned to rob the Haywoods Bank to-night."

"What!" gasped Joe. "Your stepfather has planned to rob the village bank?"

Dick told him what little he had overheard about the men's plans.

"How do you expect to choke them off?"

"I don't know just how I'll be able to do it now. If I had got away when I started to leave the hold, I intended to hunt up Mr. Tewksbury and put the matter up to him. He would have found some way of heading off the robbery without arresting Mr. Brand, which he wouldn't like to do for the disgrace it would bring on mother and me. Now I guess we must try and find some way between us."

"I'll do all I can to help you, Dick. You know I'm your friend."

At that moment the two men, having finished their supper, went on deck, and the boys heard them walking around, overhead.

"Come and sit on the bags and we'll talk it over," said Dick, leading the way. "If that red-headed rascal doesn't take it into his head to come down here and take a look at us we may succeed. As he left me bound hand and foot he no doubt supposes I am still in that shape. And as he dropped you in here, with your arms bound, he won't for a moment imagine that we can free each other. Believing us to be perfectly helpless, he may not bother with us any more to-night. If he doesn't, we'll stand a good show of getting out of our hobble."

It was decided between them that nothing could be done until the sloop dropped down the creek, sailed over to the wharf selected, and the two men had departed on their burglarious errand. At intervals the boys heard Sykes and Brand pacing the deck, over their heads. When their foot-

steps ceased, they knew the men must be seated somewhere, talking. Thus the evening wore slowly away. As the hours passed it seemed to grow more hot and oppressive in the hold.

The boys found it more and more of an effort to keep awake. They yawned and their eyelids grew painfully heavy. They ceased to converse, ceased to punch each other to throw off the drowsy languor that persisted in lulling their senses to repose, and ere long their heads dropped forward on their breasts, and they were soon in sound slumber. On deck, Sykes and Mr. Brand kept wide awake enough. There was a small wall clock hanging in the cabin, and Sykes occasionally consulted it.

"Time is up," he said at last, coming on deck after a trip below. "Cast off the 'moorin' rope from that stump, Brand, while I raise the jib."

Mr. Brand hastened to carry out this direction, and as the sloop moved away from the bank he helped Sykes hoist the mainsail. Before the sloop reached the water-front of the village the heavens were completely overcast, the wind was gradually rising and a drizzling rain was adding discomfort to the scene. Sykes had a sharp eye, and soon singled out the wharf he had selected to moor at while they were away at the bank. They ran alongside of it and made fast to a spile head. Not a soul was in sight anywhere, and there seemed little fear that any one would be around that locality until sunrise at least.

"We'll have everythin' our own way, Brand," chuckled the red-headed man. "I'll bet every person in the village is sound asleep at this hour. The two constables are no doubt snugly stowed away in some comfortable corner out of the wet. At any rate, I'm not afraid of meetin' them, either goin' or comin'. Go down and bring up my kit of tools and the two bags to carry the swag in. As soon as we reach the back door of the bank I'll lend you my gun to intimidate the night watchman with after we break in. Don't forget to put a couple of pieces of rope in your pocket to tie the fellow with, and a bit of rag to gag him."

Mr. Brand brought the required articles on deck, and everything being in readiness, the two men stepped onto the wharf and took their way up the street, hugging the shadows.

CHAPTER VI.—Dick Escapes from the Hold, and What Happened Afterward.

Two hours passed away, during which the two boys in the hold slept as peacefully as though they were in their beds at home. Twenty minutes passed, and then a heavier jolt than usual of the sloop against the wharf toppled the sleeping Dick over on his side and awoke him. He instantly sat up and rubbed his eyes.

"Hang it, if I haven't been asleep!" he exclaimed, in a tone of disgust. "The question is, how long have I slept?"

At first he thought from the motion of the craft that she was underway, sailing across the lake toward the village wharf. Then the tug of the sloop at her mooring-line convinced the boy that he was mistaken in his surmise. Without paying any attention to the slumbering Joe, he made his

way over to the knothole in the cabin bulkhead and peered through. All was silence and darkness in the cabin.

"My gracious!" he exclaimed. "They are surely ashore, and Joe and I have lost the golden opportunity we were looking forward to. It isn't too late, however, for us to get away, I guess. I must make sure just how things stand first, and then I'll arouse Joe."

With some difficulty, owing to the bobbing and rolling of the vessel, he piled the two boxes one on top of the other and mounted to the hatch. To his surprise the cover flew up without any difficulty and he nearly fell off his perch. Although Dick didn't know it, the action of the sloop had dislodged the water-cask from the top of the hatch.

Grasping the combing of the hatch with one hand, to steady himself, Dick looked around the deck and then the immediate neighborhood. Being familiar with the entire village water front he knew right away where the sloop was.

Dick shoved the hatch cover aside and sprang out on deck. Then he made straight for the cabin stairs, descended them, struck a match and looked around till he spied the clock. Glancing at its big, round face, he saw, to his consternation, that it wanted just five minutes of four.

"That settles it, I'm afraid. Mr. Brand and his burglar associate are liable to be back at any moment, probably with a load of loot. I must arouse Joe at once."

He sprang back up the brass-bound stairs. Hardly had he reached the deck before he heard voices at the head of the wharf.

"There they come now. We'll never be able to get away. How unfortunate it was that we fell asleep! It has queered all our plans. Too bad I didn't arouse Joe before I came up here, for there isn't time for me to do it now with any safety. What shall I do? It would be foolish for me to return to the hold again. I know. I'll hide in the forepeak until I can get a chance to let Joe out of the hold. But first of all I'd better put the cover on the hatch or they'll know at once that something is wrong."

Dick had just time to do this, and seek the shelter of the forepeak when two indistinct forms, carrying loaded bags over their shoulders, appeared through the gloom that shrouded the wharf. Holding the scuttle cover up an inch or two, Dick watched Sykes and Mr. Brand step aboard and dump their bundles on the deck near the cabin stairs. Almost immediately the red-headed rascal's sharp eyes noticed the absence of the water cask from the top of the hatch, and that fact aroused a suspicion in his mind with respect to their prisoners.

"Look here, Brand, when we went ashore that water-barrel was on top of the hatch. I put it there on purpose to hold the cover down so that in case those young monkeys managed to free themselves they couldn't shove the hatch up and make their escape."

"Well," replied Mr. Brand, "what about it?"

"There's this much about it: That cask should be there still and not where it is, against the starboard rail."

"It must have rolled off, then," replied Brand, not taking much interest in the matter.

"Well, that may be; but I'm goin' to take a

look at the prisoners to be on the safe side," he said. "Go and fetch the lantern."

As Mr. Brand started for the cabin to get the article in question, Sykes yanked off the hatch cover and leaped into the hold. A terrible crash and a volley of imprecations, mingled with a groan or two, brought Brand back in a hurry. The red-headed rascal had encountered an unexpected obstacle in his descent in the shape of the two boxes that Dick had placed there for a step-ladder. They had given away under him, and carried him to the bottom of the hold in a heap, where he struck his head on a piece of pig-iron ballast and lay half-stunned.

"What in creation is the matter with you, Sykes?" asked Brand, astonished at the racket, as he peered down into the hatchway.

A groan, followed by a rather strong expression that won't bear repetition, was all the answer he got. Mr. Brand began to grow alarmed. If his companion, who was the brains of the combination, was seriously hurt, the situation was an awkward one for them both. Greatly to his relief, however, he heard Sykes scramble on his feet and begin to swear like a trooper. To his mind that was a good sign that his companion was not very badly injured.

"What's the trouble?" again inquired Mr. Brand.

"Trouble!" roared Sykes, in a great rage. "What in thunder were those boxes doing under the hatch?"

"How should I know? You were in the hatch last yourself," answered Brand.

"By thunder! There's something wrong. Fetch a light so I can see below."

Of course, Dick, from his place of concealment in the forepeak, heard the whole of the conversation about the displaced water breaker, as well as Sykes's subsequent movements and tumble, and he knew that there would be something doing as soon as his stepfather returned with the lighted lantern. Mr. Brand lost no time in getting the lantern from the cabin.

He passed it down to Sykes, who had been impatiently waiting in the hold. The rascal then proceeded to make an investigation. He flashed the light into the corner and saw only one boy. Then he raised the lantern above his head and looked about the hold. His keen glance soon assured him that Dick was not there. Joe was awake now, and wondering what was coming. Without paying further attention to Casperfield, to that youth's intense satisfaction, he rushed back to the hatchway.

"That stepson of yours has escaped!" he roared up to Mr. Brand.

"Escaped!" exclaimed Brand, incredulously.

"Yes, skipped out. That accounts for the water-barrel being off the hatch cover. The other chap is here, however, which shows that your kid expected to bring back a constable, or some other man, in short order, to lay us by the heels. Here, take this glim," passing up the lantern, "and give me a hand to get out of this. We haven't any time to lose. We must cast off from the wharf and get under way at once or there'll be trouble to burn for us."

His words gave his less hardened companion a great shock, and the way the two men got busy during the next few minutes showed that

they were fully alive to the danger that they believed menaced them.

CHAPTER VII.—Dick Master of the Situation.

As soon as Sykes had clapped the cover of the hatch again, and replaced the keg of water on it, he hastened to assist Mr. Brand to unmoor the sloop from the wharf. As the boat drifted out into the lake, they hoisted the mainsail first and the jib afterward, after which Sykes hastened to take charge of the helm and put the vessel on her course down the broad sheet of water on the northern shore of which Haywoods Village lay.

The sloop now slipped along over the choppy water at a good speed, and was rapidly leaving the village behind her. Dick watched the two men from under the scuttle cover, and chuckled at the idea that they believed he was ashore, and that they had successfully eluded his presumed plan to capture them at the wharf. Day was now breaking, and the sun would be up in less than an hour. A few miles ahead was a bunch of green island, and toward the largest of these, named Goat Island, Sykes was steering the sloop.

As the sun rose over the low line of hills to the east, the sloop was close to Goat Island, and soon afterward Dick found that his surmise was correct about the craft making a landing, for she presently put in at a sequestered cove. The sails were lowered and left unfastened in the same way as at the head of the creek, and then the men, after carrying a line ashore and fastening it to a convenient tree, retired to the cabin. Dick took advantage of their absence from the deck to slip ashore and hide in the thick undergrowth of bushes, where he could safely watch their further movements and figure on what he should do next. Every moment he expected to see Sykes appear and go forward to the forepeak to prepare the morning meal, but the minutes went by and he did not show up. After waiting a good half hour, Dick began to grow impatient.

"I wonder what they're doing in the cabin?" he said to himself. "Maybe counting up their plunder from the bank, and stowing it away. I dare say that's an occupation that they find great pleasure in." As a matter of fact that was exactly what Sykes and his associate were doing. It took them the greater part of an hour to size up their swag and divide it, according to the red-headed man's ideas of an equitable division, which was three-quarters for himself and one-quarter for Mr. Brand. Dick's stepfather held out for a large share of the spoils of their night's work, but Sykes carried the argument in his own favor, on the ground that he was the man who planned and really carried out the enterprise; that he had furnished the experience and tools and sloop, and that Mr. Brand was merely a kind of general assistant, and ought to be satisfied with whatever share he "Sykes" chose to give him. Whether Brand was satisfied or not with the way his companion put the matter he could not very well help himself, as Sykes was big, strong and aggressive, and used to doing things as he chose whenever he had the advantage on

his side. As soon as the subject was disposed of, Sykes called on his companion to wash up the dirty dishes from their evening's repast, while he started in and cooked breakfast. Dick saw him proceed to the galley, and soon smoke was issuing from the small stovepipe in the forepeak. The light breeze blowing on shore wafted the smell of the cookery to the boy's nose and made him feel hungry.

"If they turn in for a sleep after the meal I can sneak aboard and perhaps find a bite of something left in the galley. Then I'll release Joe and perhaps we can capture the sloop while they're dreaming in the cabin. I know just how I'll do it if I get but half a chance."

Dick saw Sykes go into the forepeak again, and after a little while, during which there was more smell of cooking, he came out with a plate full of stuff and a cup of something that Dick judged to be coffee. These he laid down on the deck, removed the watercask from the hatch cover and prepared to enter the hold.

"He's taking Joe some breakfast," breathed Dick, licking his hungry chops and really envying his comrade in misfortune his bit of good luck. Sykes lowered himself into the hold, and Mr. Brand passed him the loaded dishes. The rascal was out of sight some little time. Then, after passing up the empty dishes, he sprang on deck, put the cover on the hatch again and replaced the water breaker. He stood talking to Mr. Brand for a few moments, and then the worthy pair went down into the cabin again. Dick put in another hour of impatient waiting and finding that the men did not reappear on deck again he began to consider the advisability of venturing on board the sloop and investigating the condition of things.

"I think I can safely count on their being asleep by this time," he said to himself. "I'll have to be mighty careful, though, for I've no doubt that red-headed rascal has trained himself to sleep with one eye open."

He emerged from the bushes, took off his shoes, and crept on board. The first thing he did was to drop down into the forepeak on the hunt for something to eat. The fire was out and there was nothing but a dirty frying-pan and the coffee-pot on the stove. There was half a loaf of bread and a plate with some butter on it lying on a box close by.

"That's better than nothing, by a long shot," said the hungry lad, cutting off several slices and buttering them.

With his mouth full he looked into the coffee-pot. It was not quite empty, and he managed to get three-quarters of a cup of cold coffee. After consuming most of the bread, all of the butter and emptying the pot, Dick felt better and ready for action in other quarters. Poking his head cautiously above the open scuttle he saw that the deck was as deserted as ever. He got out of the forepeak and softly crossed the deck. Standing close to the cabin stairs he poked his head down the opening and listened with great attention. The sounds of heavy breathing came up to him.

"Good. They are asleep," he said,

He was about to turn away, when a daring idea occurred to him. He would descend the stairs and take a look at the men in order to

see how soundly they appeared to be sleeping. So the nervy boy stepped softly down the half dozen brass-bound stairs until he stood inside the entrance to the cabin. Then he glanced around the place into which the sunlight streamed through the small skylight in the roof of the trunk. There was a bunk on a locker on either side of the cabin. Mr. Brand was stretched out on one, Sykes on the other. Their breathing indicated sound repose. Dick, having seen all he wanted to was about to retreat when his sharp eye noticed the butt of a revolver sticking from under the red-headed man's pillow.

"I must try and get it," Dick breathed. "With that in my hands, and with Joe at my back, I am almost sure that we would be wasters of the situation."

With the utmost caution he approached Syke's berth, laid his fingers on the weapon and, inch by inch, drew it from its resting place. At last, with a thrill of satisfaction, he had it in his hand, and the two men slept on, oblivious of what he was doing. There was nothing further to detain him in the cabin, and so he returned on deck.

"Now, if I could manage to secure the sliding door over the entrance to the cabin stairs I'd have them prisoners below, and then the game would be in my hands," he said.

There was a keyhole in the slide, which showed that it could be locked, but as the key was not in it, Dick could not expect to lock it.

There was also a stout, brass ring which served in place of a handle for drawing the door to. This gave Dick an idea. He looked around, picked up a piece of line and making a thick knot in one end he passed the other end through the ring, shut the door over and then secured the end of the line around a cleat in the low bulwark of the sloop. That made the door fast.

"I guess I've got them all right now," he said, triumphantly. "The next thing is to release Joe from the hold."

CHAPTER VIII.—In Which Sykes and Brand Are Up Against It.

Dick lost no time in removing the hatch, and jumping down into the hold.

"Hist, Joe! Where are you?" he called, in a low tone.

"What, you on board, Dick!" cried Joe, coming forward in joyful surprise. "I thought you had escaped ashore at the village. That red-headed rascal came down here with a lantern some hours ago and seemed surprised when he didn't see you. I heard him tell your stepfather that you had got away."

"I was hiding in the forepeak at the time, and stayed there till the sloop anchored in this cove, when I slipped ashore because I was afraid of being discovered."

"Whereabouts is the sloop anchored?"

"At Goat Island."

"Is that so? Well, how about our getting away?"

"There's nothing to prevent us."

"Nothing? What about your stepfather and the red-headed rascal?"

"They're asleep in the cabin, and I've fixed things so they can't get out."

"You have? How?"

"Come on deck and I'll show you."

Joe lifted Dick up so he could scramble out, and then Dick assisted him out from above.

They put the cover on the hatch and walked aft, where Joe saw how his chum had secured the cabin slide.

"When they wake up and find themselves prisoners that big rascal will smash the slide to pieces. It doesn't look over strong."

"If he tries that he'll run against this," replied Dick, showing the revolver.

"Where did you get that?" asked Joe, in surprise.

Dick told him how he got possession of it.

"Well, you've got more nerve than I have," answered Joe, admiringly. "We'll have to watch both the slide and the skylight. I wish I had some kind of a weapon to back you up with," he added, looking around.

"There's a hatchet in the forepeak. Take it ashore and cut yourself a good club. That will answer as well as anything."

Joe thought Dick's suggestion a good one and followed it.

"Do you know whether your stepfather and the other chap got into the bank this morning, as you told me they proposed doing?" asked Joe when he returned with a serviceable club.

"I guess there's no doubt about it, for they brought a couple of loaded bags on board just before the red-headed man fell into the hold when he started to see if we were both safe down there," replied Dick.

"Did he fall into the hold?"

"Did he? I should say he did," chuckled Dick. "He fell over those boxes you remember I piled up."

"Then that was the racket that woke me up."

"It must have been, for he made noise enough to wake the dead."

"Well, what are you going to do about getting back to the village?"

"I think we'd better get all ready for starting. Go forward and hoist the jib. Then raise the mainsail a foot or two so it will be clear of the boom. All we'll have to do will be to cut the mooring line and we'll drift out of the cove."

Joe carried out Dick's orders and then the two boys awaited developments in the cabin. The two men were evidently tired, for they showed no disposition to wake up in a hurry. The morning wore slowly away, and Dick began to feel decidedly hungry again. Handing the revolver to Joe, and telling him to keep his eyes peeled for trouble, he went into the galley and rummaged around for food. He discovered a couple of pounds of sliced bacon, two loaves of bread, two dozen of eggs, nearly a pound of coffee and other things of a like nature. He cooked a fresh pot of coffee, cut up a loaf of bread, fried a mess of bacon and eggs for himself and Joe, and when everything was ready fetched it over to where his companion sat on guard.

"That looks good," said Joe, hungrily. "I suppose you haven't had anything to eat since last night."

"I ate up half a loaf and part of a cup of coffee I found in the galley when I returned on board after Sykes had cooked a second mess of meat for you," replied Dick. "That only took the edge off my hunger. Now I'm going to get

away with a square meal. Pitch in and let's get it out of the way. Those chaps may wake up any moment and make things interesting for us."

Nothing happened while they were eating, nor for more than an hour afterward, then they heard a noise in the cabin.

"Grab your stick, Joe. There'll be something doing in a moment," said Dick.

There was the sound of steps on the cross-bound stairs and then a fumbling of a hand at the closed slide. Failing to get the slide open, the person who was working at it began to swear in tones that unmistakably belonged to Sykes.

"What's the matter?" the boys heard Mr. Brand ask.

Sykes's reply was more forcible than polite, and ended up with a demand to know if Mr. Brand had closed the slide. Dick's stepfather replied that he hadn't touched it.

"It's blamed funny, then," answered Sykes. "It was open when we turned in. I don't like the look of this. The slide is fast, and I can't budge it. Hand me that revolver of mine under the pillow and I'll batter it open."

In a moment or two Mr. Brand reported that he couldn't find the revolver. With an imprecation, Sykes walked back down the stairs and looked for himself. He didn't find it because Dick had it at that moment. The boys could hear him raising Cain in the cabin. By this time his suspicions that things were out of joint were in full blast. He found a heavy piece of iron pipe in his locker, and with that he returned to the door and began to batter at it with an energy that promised to knock a panel out in no time at all.

"Stand guard over the skylight, Joe, and I'll attend to Mr. Sykes," said Dick, cocking the revolver.

Crash! Two panels of the slide were splintered. The wood fell out on the deck and Sykes's ferocious countenance was framed in the opening. Matters had reached a climax at last.

CHAPTER IX.—In Which the Tables Are Turned on Sykes and Brand.

When Sykes's eyes rested on Dick Leslie standing, revolver in hand, facing the broken cabin, he uttered an exclamation of rage and astonishment.

"You here, you pestiferous young monkey," he roared.

"Yes, I'm here," replied Dick, coolly.

"Who are you talking to, Sykes?" asked Mr. Brand, from the foot of the stairs.

"Who? Why your measly stepson. I'll bet he's at the bottom of this trick."

Mr. Brand ascended the stairs and peeped out. He recognized Dick with no little wonder, for he couldn't account for the lad being on board when both he and Sykes supposed that he had escaped at the village wharf.

"Is that my gun yer've got in yer hand?" demanded Sykes wrathfully of Dick.

"I guess it was, but it's mine now," replied the boy.

"Hand it over," snorted Sykes.

"You must take me for a fool, Sykes," re-

turned Dick. "This revolver is the boss of the situation. If you make any further attempt to break out of that door I'll shoot. If you think I don't mean business, just try me, that's all."

There was a resolute ring in Dick's voice that warned Sykes that the boy was dangerous to monkey with. He had been up against revolvers in determined hands before, and he was accustomed to take chances. Probably he expected that when he died it would be with his boots on. Sykes glared at Dick in a way that would have carried terror to some boy's souls. He raised the piece of iron pipe suddenly and hurled it against the remaining panels with a viciousness that splintered the entire door. Then he thrust his body through the opening and came at Dick with blood in his eye. Dick saw his danger, and realizing that he must either make good his threat or throw up the sponge, raised his revolver and with his finger on the trigger aimed point blank at the ruffian. In another moment Dick would have fired and probably have killed or desperately wounded the crook, but that Joe, on hearing the second crash, and seeing Sykes issue through the fractured door, sprang forward and brought his club down on the fellow's head with a force and sent him stunned to the deck.

"Good for you, Joe!" said Dick, much relieved by the turn affairs had taken. "Now get a piece of rope and we'll tie him."

Joe got a short length of line forward, and between them they bound Sykes good and tight, while Mr. Brand looked on, afraid to interfere. They dragged the crook to the hatchway and left him there.

"Now, Mr. Brand, come on deck. I want to talk to you," said Dick, returning to the cabin entrance. His stepfather refused to avail himself of this invitation, and retreated back into the cabin. Dick, kicking the broken slide aside, and leaving Joe to keep an eye on deck, followed him. Mr. Brand sullenly took his seat on the bunk lately vacated by his associate, and regarded the boy with an unfriendly aspect.

"You and I have never got on very well together, Mr. Brand," began Dick; "and now that you have added to your other undersirable qualities the commission of a crime, I don't think we're ever ready to hitch."

Mr. Brand looked hard things at his stepson, but did not say a word.

"How did you become acquainted with that ruffian outside, and whatever was it that induced you to join hands with him in the robbery of the Haywoods Bank?"

"What's that?" snarled Mr. Brand. "How dare you say that I robbed any bank, you little liar!"

"That bluff won't work with me, Mr. Brand," replied Dick, coldly. "After you and Sykes put me down in the hold when the sloop was at the head of the creek, I found a knothole in that bulkhead and, looking through, I saw both of you seated at this table. I heard every word that passed between you about the job this morning at the bank. Then when I escaped from the hold at the village wharf I saw you both come on board with loaded bags, which I am satisfied contained the plunder you stole from the bank. That stuff is now in this cabin, and I want you to turn it over to me at once."

Mr. Brand nearly collapsed at the extent of his stepson's knowledge of his iniquity.

"I suppose you mean to have me arrested," he said, sullenly. "You're a nice stepson, you are. To bring disgrace on me and your mother."

"You deserve all the punishment the law would impose on you, Mr. Brand. You went into the job with your eyes open. You knew you were taking part in a criminal affair, but you let yourself be persuaded by that ruffian outside, who, you know as well as I, is a crook."

Mr. Brand made no reply, but regarded his stepson with an unfavorable eye.

"Because you happen to be my mother's husband, I am going to try and save you from the consequences of your folly. I had hoped to prevent you from getting into the bank in the first place. Unfortunately I failed in that. I have Sykes in my power, and it would give me lots of satisfaction to turn him over to the village authorities, who would know how to deal with him; but if I did that, and let you go as I intend to, he would probably turn around and give you away. That is about as much honor as there is among thieves. So I'm going to take him over to the eastern shore and turn him loose along the railroad. That will give him the chance to make good his escape. The stolen property I intend to return to the bank. As for yourself, you can return home. No one will ever learn from me or Joe that you had any hand in the burglary of the bank. Thus you'll get out of a very serious scrape."

Mr. Brand's countenance cleared a bit, but whether he really was grateful to Dick for his magnanimous conduct is a matter that the boy could not decide from any indication of the face or his stepfather's part.

"Now," went on Dick, "I guess you know where the money is that you and Sykes brought away from the bank. So just produce it, and then we'll set sail for the village."

Mr. Brand didn't show any great eagerness to bring the money to light. On the contrary, an idea had struck him which he proceeded to unfold to Dick.

"You say that you're going to turn Jim Sykes loose along the railroad, eh?"

"That's my plan," replied the boy.

"If you do that he'll probably make himself scarce around this neighborhood."

"I sincerely hope he will."

"Then what's the use of doing anything further in the matter?" said Mr. Brand, with a suggestive wink.

"What do you mean?" asked Dick, in some surprise.

"What's the use of reporting to the bank that you've got possession of the money taken from their vault? You'll only get yourself into a lot of trouble. The officials will want to know all the particulars of how you came to learn about the robbery, how you followed the burglars up, and how you, a boy, got it away from them. You'll be obliged to tell all you know, and if you don't, Joe Casperfield will. As the case now stands, there is nothing to prevent us from burying that money on this island, and letting it remain here till the excitement blows over. No one will ever suspect you boys of knowing anything about the affair, and if you chaps don't open your mouths there'll be nothing to connect

me with it. Sykes will get out of the way just as soon as he can, for you can tell him that as a personal favor to me you have decided to give him two or three hours start of the constables, and that if they catch him it will be his own fault. You can also tell him that it won't be healthy for him to show up in these parts again. That will make it pretty certain that he'll stay away for good. The bank people will think that the thieves have got clear off with their swag, and then after a few weeks you, me and Joe can sail down to this island some day and divide the money. Now, isn't that a better scheme than getting yourself and me, too, into a whole lot of trouble over the return of this money, which will do us more good than the rich folks who own the bank, and who wouldn't help us to a loaf of bread if we were starving?"

Mr. Brand grew almost eloquent in his eagerness to impress Dick with the all-around benefit that would accrue to the three of them by adopting his villainous suggestion.

"So you have the nerve to propose such a scheme to me, have you, Mr. Brand?" Joe said, angrily.

"Isn't it a good one?" asked his stepfather, eagerly. "So safe and easy that it's like finding money. If you carried out your own foolish plan you'd only cast suspicion on me; and if I was arrested, think of the disgrace both to your mother and yourself. You can't do better than to fall in line with my views."

"Where is this money that you got away with from the bank?" said Dick, thinking it the part of wisdom to get his hands on the booty before telling his stepfather what he thought of him.

"Here it is," replied Mr. Brand, making a dive into Sykes's locker and bringing out that individual's three-quarters share of the swag, which he placed on the table, close to Dick.

"Is that all of it?" asked Dick.

"That's all—every dollar."

"I think I'll take a look into that locker myself, just to make sure you didn't make any mistake."

"All right. Do it," answered the man, moving aside to give him the chance to investigate. Dick suspected from his extreme readiness to have him search that there was no more of the plunder in that locker, so he suddenly changed his mind and went over to the other locker.

"What are you going to do there?" asked Mr. Brand, anxiously. "There's nothing in that locker. Sykes put it all in this one."

"I'm going to examine it, just the same," and he did.

The first thing he laid his hand on was the bag containing his stepfather's share, and he pulled it out.

"What do you call this, Mr. Brand?"

He dumped several bundles of bills out on the floor. Mr. Brand's face was the picture of anger and disappointment.

CHAPTER X.—Dick Restores the Stolen Money and Gets a Reward.

Dick dumped the package of bills into the other bag.

"So you think it would be a good idea to bury

this bag of money somewhere on Goat Island until the excitement attending the robbery of the bank had cooled down. Then your plan would be for the three of us to come over here some day, dig it up and divide."

"That's the best thing we could do. There's \$20,000 in good bills in that bunch—nearly \$7,000 apiece—you and Joe wouldn't have to work any more," said Mr. Brand, enticingly, thinking that his stepson was about to yield to the temptation.

"Mr. Brand, if I was to tell you in plain words what I think of you I don't fancy you'd be flattered. You ought to be ashamed of yourself to suggest such a rascally proposition to me, of all others. You married my mother, and instead of trying to lead me astray you ought to consider it your duty to see that I kept straight. If it wasn't for my mother I'd land both you and Sykes in the village lockup this afternoon. It seems to me you only need the chance to turn out as bad as he is. I am thoroughly disgusted with you. I had no idea that you were half as bad as you are now showing yourself to be. I shall certainly tell mother of your doing, and if she has anything more to do with you I will be greatly surprised.

"You miserable little milk-sop, if you dare tell her a word I'll—" roared Brand.

"You'll do what?" replied Dick, looking him resolutely in the eye.

"You'll find out what I'll do," answered his stepfather, doggedly.

"I'm not afraid of what you'll do, Mr. Brand," replied Dick, scornfully. "Instead of threatening me you ought to be grateful to me for letting up on you, and holding Joe from telling the truth also. Don't make any mistake but that this robbery you've participated in will hang over your head, and if you turn on me something might happen that you wouldn't like. That's all I've got to say to you."

Dick took the bag containing the stolen money and went on deck, where he found Joe sitting beside the still unconscious Sykes.

"I've got the plunder, Joe," said Dick, holding up the bag.

"Good enough. How much is there in the bag?"

"According to Mr. Brand there is \$20,000."

"That's a big bunch of money."

"What do you suppose my stepfather had the gall to propose to me?"

"What was it?"

Dick outlined Mr. Brand's rascally scheme.

"What answer did you give him?"

"I told him a few things that he won't forget in a hurry. If I had told him how thoroughly I despise his conduct we might have had a mix-up."

"I don't see how you can stand to have him around your house after this."

"I don't mean to have him here. I intend that mother shall have a legal separation from him. I don't mean a divorce, but a complete severance of relations. He will have to agree to it or there will be something doing he won't like. He was bad enough as a lazy, good-for-nothing man, but with the stain of a crime on his hands, I'm through with him for good, and mother will be, too, as soon as I have told her all."

"When are we going to start for the village?"

"Right away," replied Dick. "You can cast the line off and let the sloop drift out of the cove. Then come and help me hoist the mainsail."

In five minutes the vessel was heading through the nest of islands for the eastern shore of the lake, where Dick proposed leaving Sykes to shift for himself. Mr. Brand came on deck and looked around. He did not approach either of the boys, who would have avoided him if he had done so. Dick, who was at the tiller, kept his eye on his stepfather, as a matter of general precaution, for he did not trust Mr. Brand for a cent. In about twenty minutes the sloop was brought as close to the shore as she would go without grounding.

"Now, Mr. Brand, take off your shoes and socks and help Joe carry Sykes ashore," said Dick, after throwing the sloop into the best position he could for the purpose in view. "You've got a pocket-knife, I suppose, so you can cut him loose afterward."

Mr. Brand didn't seem disposed to obey this request, and started to walk forward.

"Look here, Mr. Brand, if you want me to land both you and Sykes in jail at the village, why just keep on acting as you're doing. I'll give you two minutes to make up your mind. If I have to carry your associate to Haywoods and turn him over to the authorities you'll share his fate; so unless you want to go to prison you'll do as I tell you."

As Dick showed that he was thoroughly in earnest in his attitude, Mr. Brand reluctantly concluded to do as he was told. He and Joe carried Sykes, who had now recovered his senses, well up on the shore, then Casperfield left Mr. Brand to release his companion in crime, and hastened back to the sloop. As soon as Brand cut Sykes loose the latter grabbed him and seemed disposed not to allow him to return to the sloop. Dick held the sloop for a few minutes and then said to Joe:

"Stuff Mr. Brand's socks into his shoes and toss them on the beach. I'm not going to wait here any longer for him. It won't hurt him any to walk back to the village along the railroad ties. In fact, I'd prefer if he turned the other way and accompanied Sykes out of the county. He might better do it for he won't be welcome at the cottage any more, and as he has no money, the tavern-keeper is not likely to take him in. I did intend to be easy with him, hoping that he might be sorry for going into the burglary, but when he made that proposition to me to join in and hold the money back from the bank that settled him with me."

Joe fixed the shoes and socks on the beach and then Dick steered the sloop out into the lake. Two hours later they made fast to the same wharf that the boat had been anchored at in the small hours of the morning.

"Now, I'm going to the bank with the stolen funds," said Dick. "I wish you'd stay aboard till I return, if you don't mind, Joe."

Joe said he would do so, and Dick, taking the bag on his back, started for the Haywoods Bank. That institution was situated on the most prominent corner of Main Street, and as the boy approached he saw quite a crowd around the bank. He easily guessed that they were discussing the robbery, which, of course, was known all over the village long before that. One of the con-

stables was standing in front of the main door, which was closed, and on which was a written notice was tacked, which informed the public that business had been temporarily suspended. More than half the persons in the crowd knew Dick, either personally or by sight, and many nodded or spoke to him as he came up.

"What have you got in the bag?" asked one man. "Have you brought back the money that the bank lost last night?"

Of course, he intended the remark as a joke, never dreaming how near he had struck the truth, and those within hearing laughed at the very idea of such a thing.

"Sure I've brought back the money," laughed Dick. "What else should bring me to the bank?"

"Let's have a look, then," said the man, jocosely. "The officials won't admit what the extent of their loss is. They must have been pretty well cleaned out of ready cash or they wouldn't have stopped business."

"The bank has really stopped business, has it?" asked Dick.

"That's what the notice on the door says."

"Don't worry, then. They'll start up again in the morning. As soon as I hand this bag over to them the cashier will take that notice down and put up another."

The bulk of the crowd which had gathered around Dick took his words as a joke, and there was more laughter.

"I want to get into the bank, Mr. Jones," said Dick to the constable.

"Sorry, Leslie, but no one is allowed in the bank to-day."

"Oh, I'm an exception. Just knock on the door and tell everybody who comes that the stolen money is outside, awaiting admission."

The constable and the crowd stared at Dick on hearing his words, which were spoken in a serious tone.

"The board is holding a meeting inside. If you really are in earnest I'll rap on the door. But remember, if I do it's up to you to make good your words," said the constable, looking hard at Dick.

"Go ahead. I'll make good all right."

As the constable rapped loudly, the crowd, whose curiosity and interest had been strongly aroused, and who now began to think that the contents of the bag might represent the stolen money after all, pushed close up, and those within reach to finger the bag curiously.

"The stolen money is here," said Dick, before the constable could speak. "Let me inside, please."

The boy was immediately allowed to enter, and then the door was slammed in the faces of the excited people outside. While Dick was being led into the board room at the rear of the bank, the news began to circulate outside that the stolen money had been recovered. Of course, Dick's name was circulated in connection with the funds, and long before the boy had finished his explanation to the astonished board of directors of the bank half the village had heard the rumor about the recovery of the stolen money. Dick had decided to tell the whole truth about the affair, including his own and Joe Casperfield's adventures in connection therewith, and to beg the gentleman, for his mother's sake, and in consideration of his being so fortunate as

to recover the bank's funds, not to prosecute his stepfather. Accordingly, he made a clean breast of the matter. His story was listened to with great attention and not a little astonishment. The money and several packages of bonds that had been taken also were counted and found to tally exactly with the loss sustained. The vice-president then introduced a resolution thanking Dick for the part he had played in the affair, and voting him the sum of \$1,000 as a reward for his services, also \$100 to Joe Casperfield.

The motion prevailed, unanimously, and the cashier immediately handed Dick one of the packages of bills that had been taken. The question of overlooking Mr. Brand's agency in the matter was so serious as to call forth a good deal of argument before the matter was finally settled in the boy's favor. It was only because the directors recognized the hardship that must fall to the lot of the brave boy and his mother, if Mr. Brand was publicly branded as one of the thieves, that they consented to hush the truth up. Dick was escorted out of the bank by the rear door, and soon afterward a fresh notice was put up on the front door, saying that the bank would resume business as usual next morning.

CHAPTER XI.—The Chinse Idol.

"I've got something for you, Joe," said Dick, stepping on board the sloop.

"What is it?" asked Casperfield, curiously.

"One hundred dollars."

"One hundred dollars!" repeated Joe, staring at him.

"Yes. The board of directors of the bank, in consideration of the part we played in restoring the stolen funds, voted me \$1,000 and you \$100."

"You don't say!" almost gasped the surprised boy.

"Here's your share," went on Dick, presenting him with a \$100 bill.

Joe took it and his eyes bulged as he looked at the big 100 on each of the upper corners of the bill. It represented a small fortune to the farm boy, who had never owned as much as a \$10 bill before in his life.

"Gee! I'm rich!" he exclaimed, exultantly.

"So am I, in a way," said Dick, exhibiting ten \$100 notes.

"I should say you are. What are you going to do with so much money?"

"I'm going to give it to my mother. She needs it more than I do."

"How did you manage with your explanations? Get through all right?"

"I told the whole truth, as the easiest way out."

"You didn't give your stepfather away, did you?"

"I concealed nothing, and threw Mr. Brand on the mercy on the board. In consideration of my having brought back the money, and because of the disgrace that must attach to my mother and myself, if the facts were divulged, it was voted to cover up Mr. Brand's guilt, and to make no further attempt to catch the criminals. So now, Joe, you must hold your tongue

about Mr. Brand. When you tell your story to your parents, and others, just say that the burglars made their escape. It may be a white lie, but as it's in a good cause, your conscience won't reprove you."

"I'll be as mute as a mopstick, old man. Now what about this sloop?"

"I was told to keep it, so I'll present you with a half interest in it."

"What shall we do with it? Sell it?"

"We'll decide that question later. At present we'll go home in her."

"Take her up the creek?"

"Yes. We'll moor her where Sykes had her."

It took them an hour to reach the sloop's former mooring ground, and then they separated, each returning to his home.

"Why, Dick, my son, where have you been?" asked his mother, when he rushed into the cottage.

"I've been up against a pretty stirring time since I left home last night, mother," replied the boy, gently forcing her down on a sofa in the sitting-room.

"I've been dreadfully worried about you," said Mrs. Brand, tearfully. "And your father hasn't been home since he left yesterday morning."

"Don't call him my father, mother. He is nothing to me and I hope from this out he will be nothing to you."

"Why, Dick," cried the little woman, looking surprised and pained by his words, for she had never heard him speak this way about his stepfather before, "what do you mean?"

"Then I will explain. I regret that I must distress you, but the story may as well be told now as to keep you in suspense. Whether Mr. Brand will venture here again I cannot tell. It is quite possible he may, but if I'm here I shall show him this door. He has proved himself unworthy of your regard."

Then Dick told all that happened from the moment he left the cottage the night before to visit Joe Casperfield, till the present time. Mrs. Brand was quite overcome by his recital. She realized that her husband had taken the road to the bad in downright earnest. That he had shown himself to be a man utterly without principle. It was bad enough to permit himself to be led into a crime—that she could have forgiven if he had shown some repentance for his folly when he found himself rounded up by his stepson; but to try and tempt her own dear boy to follow his vicious example almost broke her heart. It was the last straw with her, as it had been with Dick. The boy had tried to save him from the trouble he had brought upon his own head, and his ungrateful return therefor showed what sort of man he was at heart. Dick comforted his mother as well as he could. He handed her the money he had received from the bank people, and it represented a little fortune to her.

Dick did not leave the cottage that night, lest Mr. Brand would show up during his absence and endeavor to bulldoze his mother. Nor did Brand make his appearance next day while Dick was at the store, nor for many weeks thereafter. Dick continued to work in his steady way at the general store, and it is probable he would have continued in Mr. Simpson's employ for an

indefinite period but for one of Fortune's strange freaks which altered his prospects entirely for the better. Dick was first favorite among all the girls of his acquaintance, and he came to know a great many of them through his connection with the store. Many of the girls who set their cap at him, so to speak, were daughters of well-to-do people in the village, one even being a petted niece of the cashier of the bank. Dick could have picked out a sweetheart at will among a score of girls, but not one of them seemed to interest him to that extent. The only girl who seemed to attract him at all was Bonnie Barton, an orphan, who lived with her grandmother in a very humble cottage not far from his own home.

For some time Dick had been in the habit of taking her twice a week to the singing-class in the public school assembly hall, and for this reason the other girls took a strong dislike to her. They considered that she monopolized altogether too much of Dick's society, and they endeavored to retaliate by giving her the cold shoulder. It was the worst course they could have taken to win Dick away from her. As soon as he got on to the way Bonnie was being snubbed, he resented it by paying her twice as much attention as before, and the result of it was that the sweetness of the girl's disposition, and her gentle ways, began to have their effect on him, and he soon came to regard Bonnie in a new and very favorable light. About a month after the bank robbery, Bonnie's grandmother took sick and died. This misfortune threw the girl on her own resources, and many of the village maidens were ungenerous enough to hope that she would leave Haywoods for good. It is possible she might have done so but for Dick. He induced his mother to offer Bonnie a home, and she accepted.

A room next to Dick's was fitted up for her, and thereafter she proved of great assistance to Mrs. Brand about the house, and in tending the truck patch, which began to flourish in great shape under her care. It was about this time that Dick, in passing the village second-hand store one evening, was attracted by a chest of ancient mahogany drawers, with curious, brass handles, and brass corner-pieces of odd design. On top of it stood a little porcelain Chinese idol, with squatting legs and squinting eyes. Dick was quite taken with both articles, and he entered the store and asked the price of them. The price of the chest of drawers was \$5, the idol, which had no connection with it, was \$1.

"I'll take them," said Dick, who thought the chest of drawers would make a pretty present for Bonnie, while the idol would make an odd sort of ornament for his room. "Where did you get them?" he asked the dealer, as he was paying the money.

He was told that they came from an old house down the road that had lately been pulled down, after the property was sold, to make way for a modern dwelling now in the course of erection. The old house in question had been built and occupied for a great many years by a man of rather sinister aspect, who, with his wife, had been the sole occupants. Previous to putting up the house they had lived for a year in a small stone building, half a mile further down the road. The stone house was never occupied after they left it, and gradually went to ruin. A person of

the ground story was still left to mark its site, and stood within a few feet of an immense, but now dead, walnut tree. The man of sinister aspect and his wife lived the life of recluses, visiting nobody and being visited by none. The man paid regular weekly visits to the village to make purchases of supplies and was never known to hold friendly converse with anybody. Finally he died, and his widow lived alone in the house for many years. It was after her death that the property was sold by the town.

The second-hand dealer had bought the few articles of furniture the house contained, and among these were the chest of drawers and the idol. Dick took the idol home with him, and next day the chest of drawers was delivered at the cottage and installed in Bonnie's room. That evening Joe called and Dick showed him the idol. Both boys were agreed that its equal was not to be found in Haywoods, and Dick was satisfied that he had got it dirt cheap.

"It's got the most sarcastic grin on its face I ever saw in my life," remarked Dick, as they stood and looked at it. "I've only owned it twenty-four hours, yet I never look at it but I feel like punching it in the eye. That grin make me mad."

"It certainly has a tantalizing smirk," admitted Joe. "But that's the way with those Chinese ornaments. I suppose the Chink who made that, thirty or forty years ago, intended that for a seraphic smile. Are you going to leave it on your bureau?"

"No. I just put that little wall bracket up there to hold it."

Dick removed the idol to the bracket.

"How does it look there?" he added.

"Fine," said Joe. "If you ever get tired of it I'll buy it for \$2."

"I don't think I'll ever sell it in spite of its diabolical grin," replied Dick.

An hour later, Dick was getting ready for bed when his eyes were attracted to the idol. A flood of moonlight coming through the window opposite cast a halo of white light around the ornament. As Dick looked at it in a fascinated kind of way, the grin seemed to grow more sarcastic than ever.

"Oh, you make me tired, you squint-eyed lobster!" exclaimed the boy, shaking his fist at the idol. "What are you grinning at, anyway? One would almost think you were alive to look at you now. What are you thinking about? Nothing good, I'll bet. You look just as if you thought you had got the bulge on somebody. Maybe you're laughing at me for having been such a chump as to pay a whole dollar for you. Come now, can't you do something besides squat there and grin like a fiend? Let me see you do something else."

Hardly were the words out of his mouth before the bracket gave way and down went the idol on the floor, with a crash that scattered its remains over a yard of the carpet.

"My gracious!" gasped Dick, in dismay. "It's done for now."

didn't fasten that bracket secure enough. The old Chink was pretty heavy for its size. Well, his name is mud now, and I'm a dollar out."

He stooped down and began to gather up the pieces. Every bit of it almost had gone to small fragments—all but the head. That, singular to say, with its sardonic grin, was still intact.

"Well, upon my word, it must have been that grin that saved your phiz," said Dick, as he looked at the head of the idol. "You couldn't lose it even under the most strenuous of circumstances, could you? Well, I'll keep you, if only for the sake of your beastly smirk."

Thus speaking, Dick placed the head on his bureau and went to bed. Next morning was Sunday, and Dick, glad that he didn't have to go to the store to open up at seven, took an extra nap and finally turned out about eight o'clock.

"Well, old chap," said Dick, as he was adjusting his collar and tie, addressing the grinning head of the Chinese idol, "you met with hard luck last night, didn't you? But judging from the cheerful expression on your phiz it doesn't seem to worry you worth a cent. I wonder if I couldn't glue you to a piece of fancy wood?"

He took the head up and looked at it. Then he saw that there was an opening in the neck, indicating that the head was hollow. He casually turned it over and glanced into the hole. There was a piece of paper inside. Inserting his finger he drew it out, and was about to throw it away when it occurred to him to open it out and look at it. He found there was writing on it—something scribbled in a scrawling hand. He had no trouble in deciphering the few words. This is how they read:

"He who is lucky enough to find this paper may regard it as a freak of fortune. Let him go to the old walnut tree which stands within a dozen feet of the ruins of the stone house once used as a dwelling by me and my wife. The tree apparently sound and solid at its roots is really hollow. An axe will readily reveal what has for twenty years been concealed within. For reasons known only to myself, and must forever remain unexplained, I put it there, and bequeath it as a legacy to whoever finds it, either by accident or through this paper."

"(Signed) John Hawkesley."

Dick stood for several minutes with his eyes riveted on the writing.

"What the dickens can this mean? Something buried in the hollow trunk of that old walnut tree down the road? What can it be that is hidden there? 'He who is lucky enough to find this paper may regard it as a freak of fortune,' he breathed, re-reading the first line. "That indicates something of value to be there. Why should a person conceal anything of value in the hollow of a tree for some stranger to find and profit by? It doesn't seem natural for any man to do this unless he was not in his right mind. Maybe this is a joke. And yet this idol certainly came from John Hawkesley's house. I never saw him, for he died a good many years ago; but from I've heard of him he didn't seem to be a man who took an interest in jokes. They say he looked like a pretty hard customer. There was some mystery about him and his wife, at any rate. They never were friendly with, or even

CHAPTER XII.—A Freak of Fortune.

"Too bad," soliloquized Dick, gazing regretfully at the remains of the idol. "I guess I

spoke to, any of the people who lived near them. They were regular hermits. Well, I think it will do no harm to investigate the matter, at any rate. If there's nothing in it I won't be any worse off for looking into it. I shan't tell anybody but Joe about this, so there is no danger of any one having the laugh on me, if the whole thing is a fake."

Dick placed the paper in his vest-pocket and went downstairs, where he found breakfast waiting. At nine o'clock he went to Sunday school with Bonnie, where he met Joe and most of the girls and boys he knew. After church Joe walked back with them.

"What do you think, Joe," said Dick, after they had got started along the road, "that idol of mine met with a serious accident."

"It did? What happened to it?"

"That bracket broke down and it took a tumble."

"You don't say. Did it break?"

"It's body went into about a dozen pieces, but the head was not injured at all."

"That's too bad. I suppose the head is no good without a body."

"The head was the best part of it. I'm going to glue it to a piece of wood so it will look as if the rest of it was buried underneath. That's the best I can do with his grinning idolship."

"What made the bracket break? Did you secure it well enough?"

"I thought I did, but it seems that I didn't."

"Well, you're out a dollar."

"Probably, but I may be in something else."

"What else?"

"That is a mystery as yet."

"A mystery!" laughed Joe. "I like mysteries, but still I don't take much stock in them."

"Come around after dinner, will you, and we'll investigate it together."

"All right."

A few minutes afterward they parted at the gate of Dick's home, he and Bonnie entering the house, while Joe went on. It was about three o'clock when Joe made his appearance again.

"Are you ready to go on a little expedition?" asked Dick.

"Sure I am. Where to?"

"Down the road, about two miles."

"I'm with you."

"Wait till I get an axe."

"What are you going to do with an axe?"

"Open up the mystery!"

"I suppose you expect to solve it by axe-ident," chuckled Joe.

Dick went to the outhouse and brought the axe.

"Before we start I'll let you in on all I know about it. Here is a paper I discovered tucked away in the head of that Chinese idol. Read it and let me know what you think about it."

He handed his chum the paper and Joe read it.

"You found this in the idol's head, did you?"

"Yes, and the idol came from the Hawkesley house that was torn down a couple of months ago."

Joe read the paper a second time, more carefully than before.

"Maybe there's a lot of money hidden in that tree," he said, eagerly.

"I wish there was, but it doesn't seem reasonable for a person to hide money in a tree and

then leave a clew like this for any stranger to find it by."

"That's so. If it isn't money it must be something valuable."

"I'm afraid the whole thing is a fake. I've passed close to that old dead tree a score of times, and I guess you have too. Now, I never noticed anything about it to show that the trunk wasn't perfectly solid, like any other tree."

"That's right," nodded Joe.

"Now, supposing it actually is hollow, how was anything concealed within it without leaving any signs of an opening having been made?"

"The opening may have been made in the back."

"Or the trunk being hollow all the way up to the crotch whatever is inside may have been dropped in at the top."

"Exactly," coincided Joe.

"Well, we'll go down to the tree and see what we can make out of it. Bonnie is coming along, too."

Dick called the girl and she came outside with her hat on, followed by her only possession, Dewey, a medium-sized hound she had raised from a pup. Dick had already taken Bonnie into his confidence, and consequently she understood why Dick carried the axe.

"Let's each give a guess as to what we'll find in the tree," said Joe.

"What's your guess?" asked Dick.

"A tin box full of bank-notes and papers," replied Joe. "What do you say?"

"I am almost inclined to think that we shall find, if we find anything, the evidences of some crime committed by John Hewkesley. From all I've heard about him he seems to have been a pretty hard character. I heard Mr. Brand tell mother once that in his opinion John Hewkesley had once upon a time been an outlaw or road agent."

"I wouldn't be surprised if he was. Father has remarked more than once that Hawkesley looked like a man who had something on his conscience."

"Well, whatever he was, or whether he had anything on his conscience or not, he's dead and gone now for good."

"So you guess we'll find evidences of a crime, eh?" said Joe. "What do you think is hidden in the old tree, Bonnie?"

"I guess there's a barrel heaping full of money," she replied, with dancing eyes.

"Well, if there is, Bonnie, you'll come in for a share of it," laughed Dick.

They talked of nothing but the result of the expedition, which, to say the truth, was a problem. At length they came in sight of the ancient walnut with the crumbling stone house beside it. Both were fenced off from the road, and there were no houses in sight. They entered the enclosure through a break in the fence and walked over to the tree, which they first surveyed on all sides. It looked as solid as any tree they had ever seen in their lives, and there was nothing to show that a hole had ever been made in it.

"If there's anything concealed inside that trunk it must have got there through an opening in the top," said Dick.

Neither boy cared to climb the wide trunk to investigate, as his Sunday clothes would have suffered thereby.

"It will be something of a job to cut into that old thing," said Joe. "However, if you say so I'll start the ball rolling."

"You can have the honor if you want to," replied Dick, handing him the axe. Joe took off his jacket and began operations. He was a strong-armed lad and the chips flew fast. Inside of ten minutes the axe had opened up quite a hole in the wood, and then the next stroke met with so little resistance that the weapon buried itself right up to the handle.

"It is hollow!" cried Joe, in some excitement, as, with considerable difficulty, he released the blade.

Then all looked at the hole and saw a dark void beyond the thin dent made by the axe.

"This begins to look interesting," said Dick, eagerly, while Bonnie held her breath in expectation of what was to follow.

Joe worked away now like a good fellow and soon enlarged the hole considerably. Both boys in turn tried to look inside, but met with little success. Dick felt for his match-safe, but recollected that it was in his other trousers. Joe didn't have any matches about him, either, so he resumed work more eagerly than ever. His arms, however, grew tired before any discovery had been made, and Dick grabbed the axe and got busy, while Joe put on his jacket so as not to get cold, for he was perspiring like a good fellow.

Dick hacked away, clearing a space all the way to the roots along the surface of the trunk, and then striking inward. In this way he gradually enlarged the opening Joe had begun, and as the light penetrated into the tree it soon became apparent that there was something inside. This something gradually developed into a stout keg.

"You're a wonderful guesser, Bonnie," said Dick. "It is a small barrel. The question is what does it contain?"

"Why, money, of course," laughed the girl. "If the first part of my guess has come true, why not the other part?"

"No such luck, I'm afraid," replied Dick. "That's too good to turn out true."

He struck his arm through and felt of the barrel.

"It's heavy, at any rate," he said, withdrawing his arm and resuming work. He devoted his efforts now to widening the hole so that he could haul the keg out of its prison. Finally he thought that the opening was broad enough to accomplish this. Throwing the axe aside, Dick seized the barrel and tried to dislodge it from its hiding-place.

"Gee whiz!" exclaimed Casperfield, in astonishment. "It's chock full of money."

Such was the fact, and Bonnie Barton uttered a little shriek of delight.

the sum total would be all of fifty or seventy-five thousand dollars.

"Talk about luck," ejaculated Joe, at length, "you seem to have struck it good and hard. Why, there's a mint of money in that keg—enough to make you independent for life. That Chinese idol was the biggest kind of an investment. Just as good as though you had bought a ticket in a lottery for a dollar and then won the capital prize."

Dick said nothing. He was simply overcome by the remarkable good fortune that had come to him through the grinning idol.

"How are you going to carry that keg home?" asked Joe.

"The only way I see is for you to go to the farm, harness up one of your light wagons and drive down here. We haven't anything in the shape of a rig at our house," replied Dick. "I'll see that you get a share of this money for your help in the matter."

"Do you mean that, Dick?" cried Joe, eagerly.

"Certainly I do."

"Then I'm off like a shot. If anybody comes down the road while I'm gone, don't let them on to what you've found, or else the news will be all over the village before morning and then somebody might think he had a claim to the gold, for we don't know who owns this field."

Joe started off while Dick, after rolling the keg into the shrubbery, sat down with Bonnie to await his return. They talked together in a confidential way and supposed they were alone, for not a soul had come in sight along the road since they entered the little field where the tree and ruin were. But there had been observers of all that had passed from the moment the boys and Bonnie came upon the scene. Two men, hidden in the ruin of the old stone house, had observed the arrival of the trio and wondered what had brought them there. These men were none other than Mr. Brand and his associate, Jim Sykes. After withdrawing to a neighboring town on the river below the lake on the day they had been left by the boys on the eastern shore, near the railroad tracks, they had at length ventured back, bent on revenge for the throw-down received at the hands of Dick Leslie. If Dick had known of the presence in the neighborhood he certainly would not have felt easy. If he had also had a glimmering of their intentions toward him he would undoubtedly have taken every precaution to avoid them.

But he was entirely ignorant of both those facts, and consequently off his guard. The two rascals had from their concealment watched the attack on the old, dead walnut tree with some astonishment and not a little curiosity. They had no intention just then of making their presence known, on account of Joe and Bonnie, and so they lay low and awaited developments. The discovery of the cask of gold coin, however, entirely altered their plans. From the conversation of Joe, Dick and Bonnie they soon perceived that the young people had uncovered a veritable treasure-trove, and they immediately resolved to secure possession of it for themselves, at any cost, for this was a golden opportunity to provide themselves with unlimited funds never likely to come their way again. While they were considering how they should make their attack

CHAPTER XIII.—The Gold That Vanished.

As Dick had to tilt the keg to drag it out a score or more of brown-looking twenty-dollar pieces fell out and rolled over toward the dog, who seemed to be as much interested in the proceedings as the rest. At length Dick got the keg of money out in the light and all gathered about it in great excitement. It was a find for fair and if all the coins in it were \$20 pieces

on the trio the departure of Joe for the wagon greatly simplified matters for them. It was comparatively child's play, they thought, to knock out Dick and the girl, and then carry off the money to the marsh near the head of the creek where the sloop still lay moored, though they were not yet aware of that fact. To make things all the easier for them, Dick and Bonnie, with the dog at her feet, sat against the fence, near the tree, so that it looked simple for them to crawl up on the other side and grab them before they woke up to the realization of their peril.

That is exactly the programme that the rascals adopted. And there is no doubt but that it would have been successful but for the dog. As Mr. Brand and Sykes were sneaking upon the unsuspecting pair, the hound's acute sense of smell detected their approach and he sprang to his feet and began to bark. Dick and Bonnie looked about, but did not see their enemies, who were behind, on the other side of the fence. Presently, however, the animal sprang at the fence, then Dick jumped up and—confronted Sykes.

The boy was taken by surprise. Before he could recover himself the ruffian struck him a heavy blow with his fist between the eyes, and Dick went down like a shot. Bonnie uttered a scream of alarm. The hound leaped through the fence at Sykes, who downed him with a vicious kick. The dog quickly recovered and went for the scoundrel in red-hot earnest. In the meantime Brand valuted the fence, grabbed Bonnie and stifled her cries with his hand. She tried to fight him off, but he seized her by the throat and she soon sank insensible on the grass.

"Come here, Brand," roared Sykes; "get a stone and brain this beast!"

Mr. Brand picked up a stick, fortunately not thinking of the axe, and attacked the hound with it, finally compelling him to haul off. The rascals then climbed the fence and pulled the keg of gold out of the bushes, where they had seen Dick place it. A glance at its contents made their eyes bulge with satisfaction and their mouths water.

"There must be \$50,000 in that keg," said Brand, feverishly.

"There's all of that, bet yer life!"—grinned Sykes.

"How are we going to carry it off?"

"Take off yer coat," said Sykes, peeling his off. "We'll make two loads of it. 'I'll carry the biggest one.'"

The coats were spread on the grass and Sykes poured the contents of the keg into them, putting the larger share in his own. Gathering the ends of the coats together, like a pudding bag, they tied them up with some pieces of rope they had, and then lifting their bundles on their shoulders they started for the marsh. Bonnie recovered her senses in time to note the direction taken by the rascals, and then she threw herself down beside Dick and tried to revive him. She had little difficulty, as he was coming to, anyway. He felt decidedly groggy at first, but came around soon. The first thing he noticed was the keg which had contained the gold lying on its side empty.

"Good Lord! The rascals have taken the money!" he cried, almost in despair. "Did you see which way they went, Bonnie?"

The girl pointed out the direction in which she had seen the two men vanish.

"They've gone toward the marsh and the head of the creek," said Dick. "They must know that the sloop is there. It will be easy for them to escape in her, and the money will be lost to me. I must follow them at once. How long have they been gone?"

"Only a few minutes," replied Bonnie.

"Then I'll be able to head them off, for they have more than two miles to go, and loaded down with that gold they won't be able to travel fast. Now, Bonnie, I want you to hurry up the road and meet Joe. Tell him what has happened. That Sykes and my rascally stepfather have come back to their neighborhood, and that they've got possession of the money we found in the tree. Tell him to let you drive his rig down to our house and to follow me himself to the head of the creek where the sloop is. Do you understand, Bonnie?"

"Yes, Dick," she said, and, calling her dog, started up the road, while Dick sprang over the fence and followed on the track of Sykes and Mr. Brand.

CHAPTER XIV.—On the Trail of the Treasure.

Sykes and his companion found the gold a heavy load for them to carry, and they were compelled to make frequent stops for rest. In fact, their progress was so slow that Dick reached the sloop a long time in advance of them. His first idea was to send the craft adrift so that the rascals could not make use of her, but as there was scarcely any wind, and no flow of tide to speak of, he found this to be almost impracticable. Then he decided to hide in the forepeak and try to take the men by surprise in some way.

He found there the club Joe had provided himself with that morning on Boat Island, and it was a very effective weapon in determined hands. Crouching down under the scuttle cover he impatiently waited for what was to come, hoping that Joe might turn up in time to help him out. It was a good twenty minutes before anything developed, and then Dick saw Sykes and his companion approaching slowly, staggering under their golden burdens. Their astonishment was great, while their satisfaction was unbounded when they saw the sloop moored to the same old stump.

"We're right in it, Brand!" cried Sykes, gleefully. "This will let us out of all the trouble we looked for. We'll sail out into the lake and down to the river while we're bein' hunted for ashore. Carry your bundle aboard and we'll lose no time gettin' off while the chance is ours."

Brand was glad to get his load on the sloop's deck. He was about done up by the weight of it, added to the terror of possible capture, by the way, for he didn't begin to possess the nerve of his associate in guilt. Sykes followed him on board, and as soon as they laid their bundles down they cast the stops off the mainsail and hoisted it, then set the job and finally released the shore line from around the stump.

Finding that the sloop still clung to her mooring spot they stepped ashore and taking the after-line over their shoulders, started to tow

her, stern foremost, down the creek. This was mighty slow work, but it was the only way they could start the sloop on her way to the lake. When they got the vessel to a part of the creek wide enough for her to turn around, they tied her stern on the shore and manipulated the sails to catch the faint breeze.

In this way they got her bow pointed in the right direction, then they cast off the stern line and the sloop gradually drifted into the middle of the stream. Dick observed all their movements from under the scuttle cover, and it afforded him a great deal of satisfaction to note that the sloop made such poor headway. The rascals were most eager to escape from the creek, for their chances would be much better out on the lake.

Dick was sorry that he had missed Joe. His chum's services would have been of great value in the present emergency. Since he was deprived of Joe's help he had to rely entire on himself. The sloop crawled down the creek at a snail's pace, with Sykes at the tiller, while Brand busied himself carrying the two bundles of gold into the cabin, and stowing them away in the lockers. When Brand returned on deck he and Sykes lighted their pipes and conversed together.

In the course of three-quarters of an hour the sloop drifted out into the lake and her head was turned to the southward. It was now nearly six o'clock, and there was scarcely breeze enough to fill the sails, so that the vessel made very slow progress. Dick noticed that the men were continually on the alert, as though they feared a possible pursuit.

At sundown the breeze freshened, much to the satisfaction of the two rascals, and soon the sloop was making good progress toward the entrance to the river, two miles distant. Darkness gradually fell on the landscape, the stars came out and the night promised to be clear and beautiful. This promise, however, was not fulfilled, for before long the low rumbling of distant thunder in the northwest announced the approach of a thunderstorm. It came on with great rapidity, preceded by a gale of wind that sprang up so suddenly that the two men had to hustle to take a couple of reefs in the mainsail.

The sloop was now pitching about on the foam-capped surface of the lake and rushing toward the river like a wild seabird. The clouds soon covered the sky like a dense pall, and the rain came down in sheets, sounding above Dick's head like the roll of many drums. Mr. Brand had retreated to the cabin, as he found he was of no use on deck and did not relish the ducking that Sykes was getting. That rascal stood at the helm in his shirt-sleeves and guided the boat in good shape. Had he not been an experienced boatman the fate of the sloop would soon have been decided by her going aground on the southeastern shore of the lake. Sykes, however, in spite of the gloom, seemed to know his way to the river, and while the storm was at its height the boat passed from the lake into that stream and flew along southward toward Cloverdale.

Dick passed an anxious time during the worst of the storm, for he felt that unless Sykes knew his surroundings pretty correctly there was great danger of the boat going ashore, in which event the three of them stood no small chance of losing their lives. Sykes did not intend to make

a landing until driven to it by hunger, for he could not tell but the telegraph had been at work, and that officers might be on the lookout for him along the water fronts of the towns.

He had decided to push on to Silicia and haul in a mile above that town, when he intended to send Brand forward to buy enough provisions to last them for the trip to the city they were aiming for on the connecting river. It was about this time that Sykes, after taking a sharp lookout ahead, fixed the tiller so that it would hold in one position for a while, and then went below into the cabin. At long as Sykes remained at the helm Dick knew he could not come on deck without his presence on board being at once discovered.

Now that the deck was temporarily deserted, he contrived the daring plan of moving aft, taking up his position behind the companionway opening, with the club poised, ready for business, and when Sykes came up again to lay him out with an unexpected blow. It involved considerable risk, for if the darkness rendered his aim ineffective, the rascal might, through his strength and agility, turn the tables on him. Still on the principle that nothing ventured nothing is won, he determined to put the plan into operation.

He did not wait to allow his resolution to grow cold, but crawled out of the little galley, club in hand, and glided aft, like a shadow in the gloom. He had hardly taken up his position near the opening when he heard footsteps on the brass-bound stairs. Believing it to be Sykes, he nerved himself for the encounter.

A moment later a head and shoulders rose out of the companionway. He did not stop to look closely, as the figure presented a tempting mark, but swung his club down with full force. A cry rang out on the night air, and the man pitched forward in a senseless heap on the deck.

"What's wrong up there?" roared out the voice of Sykes from below.

Dick's heart almost stopped beating. It was not the burly villain, after all, that he had knocked out, but his stepfather, Mr. Brand.

CHAPTER XV.—Conclusion.

As Mr. Brand was in no shape to reply to his companion's hail, Sykes, wondering what had happened on deck, came rushing up to find out. As Sykes sprang out on deck he stumbled over Brand's legs, which lay in his path, and which he didn't notice in his hurry and on account of the darkness. The result was that Sykes pitched forward over Brand's body, his head hit the low rail and he disappeared over the sloop's side. There was a splash, a hoarse cry, partly drowned by the wind, and the submerged rascal was soon left far in the wake of the vessel. The lurching of the craft had also thrown Dick across the cabin opening, the club flying out of his hand and winging its way overhead.

When he recovered his feet he realized that he and his unconscious stepfather were the only ones on board the sloop. The whole thing had happened so quickly that it quite staggered him, and for several moments he could only stare around and wonder.

"My gracious!" he exclaimed. "Sykes has gone overboard and is somewhere back yonder in the river, for I'd never be able to find and pick him up, even if I dared attempt it."

Not caring to see Mr. Brand go the same road, as he stood some chance of doing it another flaw struck the vessel, he seized his stepfather by the legs and dragged him down into the cabin, leaving him on the floor to recover his senses in due course. Dick then ran on deck, master of all he surveyed, and took charge of the tiller. Bringing the sloop up into the wind, and allowing the boom to swing over to port, the boy started to beat his way back the way they had come. The wind being against him, he found that he would have to work back by short tacks, according as the stream diverged from a straight course. It was close to daylight when he entered the lake and headed for Haywoods.

Several hours had elapsed since the startling event which had placed him in full possession of the vessel had occurred, and he had heard nothing from Mr. Brand.

"I must have given him a terrible crack. I took him for Sykes, and laid on with all my strength. I hope I didn't fracture his skull. I would not like to be responsible for his death, bad as he is."

When the sun rose in a cloudless sky the sloop was but a short distance to the eastward of Goat Island. Dick decided to put in at one of the coves for a short time while he attended to Mr. Brand, if he needed any particular attention. Fifteen minutes later he hauled down the mainsail and allowed the vessel to drift into a small cove. As soon as she came to a stop he let down the jib also. Seeing that she would lie in her present berth without being moored to the shore, Dick ran down into the cabin. Mr. Brand still lay insensible on the floor, and the boy looked at him with some anxiety.

"Well, the only thing I can do is to lift him into one of the bunks," mused Dick. "If he doesn't regain his sense by the time I reach the village I'll have to send for a doctor to attend him."

So Dick raised him and placed him on the starboard bunk, with his head on a pillow.

"I wonder what they did with the money?" he asked himself, looking around the cabin and seeing no sign of the bundles. "Perhaps they are stowed in the lockers."

On examination, Dick found a bundle in each locker and pulled them out.

"Well, thank goodness, I've recovered it. That's a great satisfaction to me, at any rate. If I had lost that treasure, which came to me in such a curious and unexpected way, I should have been all broken up. I wonder if I couldn't make small, portable bundles of it? Then it would be easy to handle. Won't mother be astonished when I show her all this wealth and tell that it is all mine. No more store work for me after this. I'll go to school and finish my education, and then I'll be able to embark in some business in which there is a future."

Dick cut up a dozen pieces of canvas, and dividing the money into that many piles, tied up the mouth of each with a stout cord. Then he stowed them away in the port locker and covered them with a piece of sailcloth.

"No one would ever suspect that under that cloth is fifty to seventy-five thousand dollars in good American gold coin," he said to himself, in a tone of great satisfaction, shutting the locker.

He was about to return on deck and put the sloop on her course once more, when Mr. Brand opened his eyes, and after staring at Dick for a moment struggled to a sitting posture. He seemed to be a good bit dazed, which was not to be wondered at considering the whack his brainpan had sustained.

"How do you feel, Mr. Brand?" asked Dick, reassured by his stepfather's recovery.

Brand glared at him in no friendly way.

"What happened to me, and where is Sykes?" he asked, in a sulky tone.

Dick told him what had happened to his companion, and explain that he had sailed the sloop back as far as Goat Island, and was about to continue the trip to the creek. Then he upbraided his stepfather for his conduct, and told him that he need never expect to return to the cottage.

"However, I'll do more than the fair thing by you," continued the boy. "Here is a \$20 gold piece. Take the first train for Cloverdale, and take a room at the Bates House. I'll call there in a few days with a sum of money to start you out in the world on your own hook. It will be all you'll get from us, so I advise you to make good use of it. If you should reform your habits, and become a respectable man, you may write and let us know how you are getting on, otherwise we don't want ever to hear of you again. Now, if you feel able, I want you to come on deck and assist me in getting the sloop under way again."

Mr. Brand listened to his stepson in a stolid way, and, without uttering a word, followed the boy on deck. The sails were hoisted and an hour later the sloop put in at one of the village wharves, where Dick told his stepfather to go ashore, which he did. Dick then carried the vessel up the creek, moored her at her old anchorage, and went home, where he was joyfully received.

Bonnie had already told Mrs. Brand about the money that Dick had found in the old walnut tree, how it was stolen by Mr. Brand and Sykes, who had come upon them so unexpectedly, and how Dick had started to recover it, so that all that Dick had to tell was his adventures from the moment he parted from the girl. After breakfast he and Bonnie made several trips to the sloop and brought the bags of gold to the cottage. It was subsequently deposited in the Haywoods Bank to Dick's credit. Dick carried out his purpose of giving up work and finishing his education, and in due time went to college, from which he graduated with honors.

He and Joe then went into business in Silicia, to which town his mother and Bonnie, now a bright and handsome young lady of nineteen, removed as a matter of course. Soon after their arrival, Bonnie became Mrs. Dick Leslie, and the mistress of a fine home on one of the principal residential streets of the town.

Next week's issue will contain "THE PRINCE OF WALL STREET; or, A BIG DEAL FOR BIG MONEY."

BRIEF BUT POINTED

DOUBLE TREE

On J. R. Walkcup's farm at Fairfax, Mo., is a tree that bears both berries and nuts. About thirty inches from the ground the tree divides and the branches on one side produce walnuts and the others have mudberries on them.

HAS BIBLE SCHOOL RECORD

A most remarkable record is held by Miss Virginia Farley, who recently completed her eighteenth year of attendance at the First Baptist Sunday school, Mayfield, Ky, without missing a Sunday. She holds the record of having attended 936 straight Sundays without a miss, and the records show she has never been late.

The closest record approaching her mark is held by W. S. Lochridge, who has attended the same school fourteen years without a break, a total of 728 Sundays. He has missed Sunday school twice in the last eighteen years, illness keeping him away on these two occasions.

STONE CANNON-BALLS

Two stone cannon-balls, relics of a Turkish war of three and a half centuries ago, have just been presented to the museum of Hobart College, at Geneva, N. Y., says the *Popular Science Monthly*. Ten inches in diameter, they weigh 20 pounds each. Such balls as these were used as recently as 1807 in defending Constantinople from attack—and by Great Britain.

It was in 1571 that these stone balls were used. Turkey was at war with the Kingdom of Cyprus, one of the many Christian States that grew out of the Crusades. Against the city of Famagusta, an important stronghold of the enemy, the Turks trained their cannon, some of the first used in European warfare.

These guns were mostly of wrought iron, made in two pieces and screwed together. The barrel, in which the stone shot was rammed, had a 25-inch bore. The rear piece, or powder chamber, was 10 inches in diameter. The gun weighed 19 tons and was called "bombard" because used almost entirely in siege operations.

The cannon threw stone balls—which varied in weight from 6 pounds to 6 or 7 hundredweight. The average weight was 300 pounds. Some of these, weighing 20 pounds, though mere grapeshot in that day, are still several times as heavy as the shell of the standard American field gun, the 17 pounder.

Crude as these stone balls seem now, the Turks made themselves feared in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries by the destructiveness of their artillery, which had then a reputation like that of the German siege mortars or the French 75-millimeter guns.

Turkish cannoniers made a great demonstration of artillery work in 1453, at the siege of Constantinople. They fired stone shot from larger pieces than had been seen in Europe. No wonder that Constantinople fell.

TAKE PHOTOGRAPHS IN THE DARK

A few years ago the world was amazed at the extraordinary feat of exploding bombs at a distance of several miles, performed at Florence, Italy, by Professor Ulivi. But, unfortunately, Ulivi was proved to be faking, the exposure being made by Father Alfani, the famous astronomer of the Pisa Observatory. Now, however, Ulivi has emerged from the retirement into which that disastrous experiment forced him to retire and has again astounded men of science.

His most recent feats are based, as the former were said to be, on the discovery of some rays of invisible light below the red of the spectrum, by means of which distant objects were made visible in the dark and were even photographed. Prof. Robert W. Wood of Johns Hopkins University has a similar invention, called the "chemical eye," but this is based upon the action of ultra-violet rays. Ulivi, in discussing his invention with the Rome correspondent of the *New York World*, said that his was superior to that of Professor Wood because the latter could not act at such great distances, were easily absorbed by the atmosphere, were reflected badly and gave dim and shadowless images.

Professor Ulivi says, too, that his infra-red rays pass through fog and mist, as well as through water. His apparatus consists of a special search-light covered with a plate prepared by himself, from which nothing passes except his infra-red rays. These rays are projected on the enemy's fortifications, ships and positions. The receiving apparatus consists of a photographic machine with a new object-glass and a special screen, on which the image of things struck by the rays forms itself visibly. Both object-glass and receiving screen are the professor's own invention and made entirely by himself. He calls this discovery of his the "scotoscope."

Another invention is the "stercocine-matograph," or cinema in relief.

Ulivi's third novelty has to do with luminescence, and is now applied to the safety lighting and decoration of several Italian theatres.

"My experiments with the 'scotoscopia' caused me to make long and careful study of luminous bodies," he explained. "This led to the discovery of a new method, which enables me to produce bodies with great luminous power and a large variety of colors, which are true accumulators of light. When exposed for a few seconds to daylight or artificial light they become 'excited,' and for many hours afterwards emit a strong light of their own, in green, blue, violet, orange and other colors.

"I have made these bodies in the form of paint, which can be applied to any object you please," he continued. "I have made them in the form of harmless powder which can be applied to the face, arms, etc. Signor Leo Pavoni is now arranging to apply this discovery to advertisements and street signs; to painted decorations and safety exits of theatres. All fire extinguishers in the theatres are now being painted with this preparation."

GUS AND THE GUIDE

— Or. —

Three Weeks Lost in the Rockies

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story.)

CHAPTER X.—(Continued).

The floors were all made of logs, closely fitted, and the roof had been the same, with the exception that it had slabs nailed over the joints between the logs.

Gus and Silas removed these slabs and placed them over the points of the floor below.

A good deal of water came through, however, and as it dripped down even to the lower floor it made the place damp and uncomfortable.

That night Silas watched until one o'clock, for fear that the man in the bearskin coat might still be alive and pay them a visit.

Gus took his turn then, and before Silas started to turn in they both opened the door and looked out.

"A light!" cried Gus, pointing to the hut, so near, yet so hard to reach. "A light at last!"

"Gee whiz! You're right!" cried Silas. "And look at the water, will yer? Why, it is almost up to the hut. We shall be surrounded ourselves in no time if this rise keeps up."

"We can get over there now easily enough," remarked Gus.

"You're right, we can, if you don't mind the wetting, and that snoozer kin git over to us. Reckon I won't go to bed at all. There may be music before morning. It's clear enough now that they hain't all dead like you thought."

They stood together watching the light which remained fixed.

"That's only a lantern," said Silas at last. "It's a signal for some one, surest thing."

"Come, let's tackle it," replied Gus. "What odds if we do get wet?"

"The odds is pneumonia, and I don't care for none of it on my plate. We hain't got no clothes to change to—so thar you be."

This had been the trouble all day. More than once Gus would have braved the fury of the storm, but it did not seem worth while.

So they waited and continued to watch the light from time to time.

It never moved, but the water kept steadily rising.

By half-past two it was almost up to the hut.

The rain had now let up considerably, and Gus determined to wait no longer.

"One of them may be dying of wounds in there," he declared. "The signal may be for us. Come, Silas, unless you are willing to go with me I'm going alone."

Silas got his rifle, and Gus, putting his revolver into the outside pocket of his overcoat, they sallied forth.

The ground was still covered with a slop of snow, but their big boots protected their feet all right.

In a moment they were alongside the hut, peering through the window.

The room was rudely furnished, but they could see no one inside.

The light came from an ordinary stable lantern which stood on a table near a large open-trap-door in the floor.

"Thar hain't nobody thar!" said Silas. "Shall we go in?"

"I'm going," replied Gus. "Come on."

"Wait!" said Silas warningly. "I don't like the look of that trap-door and the lantern thar to show it to us. It looks like a case of 'will you walk into my parlor, says the spider to the fly.' It's a bait to ketch us, surest thing."

Gus made no answer but, turning the knob, threw back the door of the hut.

As he did so he heard what seemed to be a deep groan coming through the trap.

Gus seized the lantern, and held it down through the trap.

"Hello!" he shouted. "What's the matter down there?"

There was no answer, but again the sound came.

This time it was not so much like a groan as a snore.

"That's a b'ar!" whispered Silas, who had come up behind. "No humbug this time. Sure as ever you live it's a b'ar!"

CHAPTER XI.

Trouble In The Bear's Den.

For some moments Gus and the guide stood listening to the strange sounds which came up through the open trap-door.

"If it's a bear then at all events it is a bear asleep," said Gus at last.

"Right," replied Silas, "but it's a trap all the same."

"I'm going down," said Gus.

"If you do you're a fool. Let's wait here and put it up to the other fellow to make the move."

"I've done waiting enough. I want to make a move. Besides, if we wait much longer the water will be all around us, and we can't get back to the tower."

"That's right, too. We ought to look around a bit. Let's go over to the water and see how fast it is rising."

Gus offered no objection, and they pushed to the next hut.

It was deserted and going to ruin, and so was the next one beyond.

This was as far as they could go, for it brought them to the edge of the water.

The creek had now risen far above its natural bed, and went rushing down the valley a roaring torrent, fully half a mile in width.

They stood there for some time watching it, and Gus soon saw how the case stood.

The water was rising every moment. Twice they had to change their position.

The three huts so far examined stood in a hollow, and it was plain that as soon as the creek overflowed the little ridge upon which they were now standing it would flow down into the hollow and surround the three huts.

Gus called the attention of the guide to this,

and asked him how long he thought it would be before the water overflowed the ridge.

"It will do it in half an hour, surest thing," replied Silas.

"Then I'm going for the bear. If there really is one down there we want it; if it is a fake we want to know that, too. I'd rather run any risk than to stand around doing nothing, the way we have been for the last ten days."

Gus listened at the trap-door, but could hear no sound now.

"Give me the lantern," he exclaimed. Seizing it, he drew his revolver and started down the ladder.

Before he had descended three rounds he discovered that he was coming into a cave.

At first he could see nothing when he reached the bottom.

It was a low, narrow opening in the bed-rock, but it extended off into the darkness in both directions.

Silas joined him now, and they pushed on toward the east.

Before they had gone a dozen yards Gus suddenly paused and touched Silas's arm.

"There!" he breathed. "Look there!"

In a sort of niche in the rocks lay two black bears, curled up into one big furry ball, but sound asleep.

"Gee whiz!" whispered Silas. "Thar's two more over beyond."

Gus flashed the lantern about.

"There are more over there on the other side," he whispered.

"A regular bear's nest!" said Silas. "They have all turned in for the winter, too."

"Let's shoot one," said Gus. "I don't believe the others would bother us."

"You are taking big chances," replied Silas. "Let's push on a bit further. Slow and easy, now! This beats the band. Never seen so many bears together before."

"Don't forget the water."

"Time enough! Time enough! Hello, what's this? Waal, I vow! This beats all I ever did see."

They come upon a big black bear lying right in their path, while beside him lay an empty whisky bottle, over which he had placed a paw.

"A b'ar with a jag, by time!" gasped Silas.

"Bear nothing! This is a man!" exclaimed Gus, pulling up the bear's head.

A man's face was revealed, and as Gus moved the lantern about he caught sight of the big boots below the bearskin.

"That's the fellow who pushed the girl!" Gus exclaimed. "Shall we wake him?"

"I dunno what to say," replied Silas. "S'pose we might as well. It would be better to get away his guns and his knives first, though."

Gus pulled away the bearskin, and rolled the sleeper over, but he showed no signs of life.

A rifle was found concealed in the bearskin, and they also took away a revolver and a long knife.

Scarce was this accomplished when Silas gave a startled cry.

New sound were making themselves heard.

It was drip, drip, drip, over by the ladder.

"The water!" gasped the guide, and he started on the back track in a hurry.

"That fellow will be drowned!" cried Gus. "What shall we do?"

"Find out the wust fust. Thar's other things to be considered. Let that water come rushing in hyar and every one of them b'ars is going to wake up, and thar may be more than what we see."

They hurried back to the ladder, but before they could reach it the water got down to business.

Evidently it had risen all around the hut, for it now came pouring through the trap in a steady and constantly increasing stream.

"We are penned in. No use to try to go up thar!" cried the guide. "We can't get back to the tower now!"

"We must wake that fellow up!" said Gus. "He knows the ropes. Of course, there is some other way out of this place."

The water was already beginning to rise around their feet as they hurried back to the drunken sleeper.

Gus gave him a kick, and Silas seized him by the collar. At first it seemed as if it was going to be impossible to arouse him; and then all at once he sprang to his feet, swearing and snarling and made a rush for Gus.

"Hold on, pard! Hold on!" drawled Silas, covering him with his rifle. "Go slow!"

"Who are you?" demanded the man. "What brings you here?"

"Say," drawled Silas, "I know you now, Jim Gibbins! Pull yourself together, man, unless you want to be drowned like a rat in a trap!"

"Sile Stumpp! So it is!" cried the man.

"Waal, I guess yes. Now I see whar you git all the b'ars you ship from Black Rock! Raise 'em, hey? Huh! A bear ranch! Waal, I vow! But look at the water, man. The creek has busted over the ridge and in a minute the hut will be afloat, and we shall have every gosh-blamed b'ar in this hyar den a-snarling at our heels!"

"You're right," mumbled the man, staring about. "Whar's my rifle?"

"I've got it," replied Gus, "and I mean to keep it, too. Pull yourself together and tell us what's to be done, if you can."

"Give me the lantern!" cried Gibbons, snatching it away from Gus before he could stop him.

He flashed it back and saw the water coming down through the trap-door.

The bears were beginning to move now.

"You see," said Silas.

"I see," replied Gibbons. "We can't go back that way."

"And the bears? Any danger?"

"Not a bit. They are all as tame as kittens. I raised 'em from cubs myself. Come on, Sile, there is another way out of this place. Follow me."

He staggered forward, pulling the skin around him.

The bears came shuffling after them; one big fellow started ahead on the run, and passed them.

"Jim Gibbons, your drunk sees to be all in your head," said Silas. "Apparently you have got sense enough. Tell us, whar's Tolkins now?"

"Are you looking for him?" demanded Gibbons, turning suddenly on the guide.

(To be continued.)

Interesting Radio News and Hints

CORRECT VOLTAGE

The "B" battery voltage depends upon the type of tubes used. Some tubes work more satisfactory as amplifiers with forty-five volts than with sixty-seven volts. The fact that your set works best with a lower plate voltage does not indicate anything is wrong with the set.

A HOME MADE ANTENNA

Solder a wire to a pie plate or a piece of metal of about that size. Fasten the other end to the antenna binding post of your set. Place the telephone on the pie plate. Very often this makes an excellent antenna. It's easy to try, anyway.

DEFECTIVE PARTS

When you purchase a part and find that it is defective do not try to repair it unless you are positive that you can do it. You may make matters worse and, worse still, make it impossible for the dealers to give you a new part in return.

DISTRIBUTES CAPACITY

Distributed capacity is kept at a minimum by using bank winding. Distributed capacity is the condenser action between windings on a coil. Distributed capacity causes a loss of energy because the capacity offers a path to high frequency radio currents, allowing them to jump from layer to layer instead of through the windings of the coil. Distributed capacity is kept at a minimum in duolateral and honeycomb coils.

KEEP THE "A" BATTERY CHARGED

While short leads are of advantage in radio, the "A" battery leads may be long enough to permit the "A" battery being placed in the cellar. This gets the "A" battery out of the way. A double throw switch may be used to disconnect the set and connect the charger. If charging is made convenient, the battery is apt to get more attention and have longer life, in consequence.

TIDE AFFECTS WAVE LENGTH

The American Radio Relay League set up a radio transmitter in the offices of the Booth Bay Wiscasset Steamboat Company at Wiscasset, Me., to exchange messages with the MacMillan expedition as it approached the Maine coast. Communication was done on the 165-meter wave length. The power input of the set was 750 watts, approximately three times the amount of power employed by MacMillan's radio.

The transmitter is the one used by amateurs to establish first two-way communication with France last year. Four new-type 203-A fifty-watt tubes pushed the signals.

When the sending set was tuned to the 165-meter wave length a variation of 8 meters in a few hours was noticed. When it was tuned to the short wave of 80 meters there would be a variation of about 3 meters in approximately the same space of time. This phenomenon continued de-

spite all efforts to keep the oscillator sharply tuned, and amateurs with whom the station was in communication persistently asked why the sending wave was being changed.

The adjustments of the station were gone over very carefully several times, and a wave meter was employed frequently to check the oscillations. Finally it occurred to one of the operators that, since the antenna and counterpoise were suspended from the dock over the water, the tide might have something to do with it.

Whereupon it was decided to take readings with the wave meter at the ebb and flow of the tide and compare them. It was discovered that in every case the wave length decreased with the fall. In order to keep the transmitter at a constant wave, regular adjustments were made to correspond as far as possible with the tide's movements. The tide changed the capacity of the station's counterpoise.

RADIO DEAD SPOTS

Radio auditors receiving from local stations have observed that two equally powerful stations equally distant from the receiving antenna, but in different directions, do not necessarily give equal signal strength in the receiver, and again a friend in a different section of the city may get quite different results. These variations in many cases are chargeable to the use of different receiving equipment, but after these factors have been cancelled it is found that variations in reception over short distances are caused by inequalities of distribution which depends on the physical character of the landscape.

Ralph Brown, a research engineer of station WEAJ, pointed out that energy radiated from a radio aerial spreads out in all directions, diminishing rapidly at first and then more gradually, until finally at considerable distance it becomes too unstable to be discernible. Characteristics of the earth's surface which affect radio transmission have been classified as follows:

(1) Areas of different electrical constants, such as fresh water, salt water, dry land, wet land, rock and snow. (2) Differences in elevation, such as hills, valleys and mountains. (3) Absorbing structures, including buildings, towers and other structures, many of which have resonance characteristics producing selective absorption.

While we have come to accept "dead spots" on land, there is another form of "dead spot" to be found right in mid-ocean, hundreds of miles from land, for which no adequate explanation has yet been given, according to A. Dinsdale, member of the Radio Society of Great Britain. Some scientists maintain that they are caused by large mineral deposits on the ocean floor, but this explanation hardly seems satisfactory, though it is true that such dead spots can also be overcome by increasing the wavelength used for communication. There are several such spots in the different oceans, and they cause quite an amount of inconvenience to ships at times, although the study of them is interesting.

GOOD READING

TARNISHING OF GOLD

If a solid gold ring discolours the skin one need not cast it aside thinking one has been swindled, for gold will tarnish and will leave marks, given the proper conditions.

The first condition is due to impurities in the gold, the alloy used to make it of the desired carats. These are silver, copper, zinc and sometimes nickel. All gold under 18 carats has some of these alloys, and the acid in the perspiration that exudes from the skin will cause tarnishing and discoloration.

The second condition is due to the gold coming in contact with certain substances that are capable of tarnishing it. Julius Wodiska, the well-known authority on precious metals, cites rubber, sulphur, ointments containing mercury or arsenic, iodine, complexion lotions, some hair dyes and numerous solutions for cleaning leather and other fabrics.

In the case of a black mark made by a gold pin upon a white cravat, the discoloration is due not to tarnishing, but to friction.

Gold jewelry sometimes tarnishes in the shop through being wrapped in cheap paper, placed in boxes with inferior linings or tied up with rubber bands. It will sometimes tarnish in sympathy with unlacquered silver exposed in the same showcase.

ANIMALS VAIN OF THEIR APPEARANCE

Quite naturally it might be supposed that in the case of most creatures they would be, upon awakening in the morning, all ready for the day's fun or the day's work. Such would be an erroneous assumption. Animals, like human beings, must "dress" themselves, and although "dressing" in their case consists merely of some sort of bath and the smoothing down and arranging of their feathers or fur, a great many animals are not satisfied with themselves until they have done that. Most of them are very shy and seek the loneliest spots early in the morning; others, like the pet dog and cat, will spend hours "dressing" themselves on the hearth rug.

Birds are perhaps the neatest members of the animal world. Many species must have a bath every day. Some employ water for the purpose and some the soil; others, again, use both water and soil. The water bathers are particular as to the kind of water they use. Any one who has ever watched a pet canary will remember how it would refuse to plunge in unless the water and the bathtub were perfectly clean, and also how, when nobody appeared to be watching it, the bird would first take its bath, arrange its feathers and then eat the fresh seeds that had been given it for breakfast. Swallows and martins do not bathe every day, because they will use only fresh rain water. Tame ducks, too, seem very fond of rain water. With the fall of a shower they ruffle up their feathers and let the rain soak in. Afterwards they soak themselves down carefully, us-

ing an oil which their bodies contain, in order to get the perfectly smooth and even effect they desire. Wild ducks by the sea will fly long distances over land to obtain fresh water for their bath.

Likewise the birds that use soil for their baths are most particular about its quality. Larks and sparrows choose fine, dry, gritty dust. They splash and flutter in it as other birds do in water, and after they have finished they carefully dress their rumpled plumage with their beaks. Partridges clean themselves in loam. They scratch out the dirt and shuffle backward in it until their feathers are full of it. They then shake themselves, and when fully dressed are as clean and fresh as any lady stepping from a white tiled bathroom. The barnyard hen bathes herself in much the same way, by wallowing and shaking herself in the dust.

Animals of the feline family spend more time than any others at their toilet. In the jungle lions and tigers use their fore feet, which they wet, for bath sponges and their tongues for combs, just as small kittens do. Rabbits and opossums also wash their faces with their feet. Dogs, too, dislike dirt. An experienced hunter has said that whenever his dogs fail to clean themselves on bushes or grass after a day's hunt he knows that they are very tired. Dogs are especially particular in keeping their feet clean.

Horses and cows in a field may be seen taking turns in licking one another. The general belief is that the two species are great friends and that that is their way of exhibiting their love for one another. This assumption is not altogether true. They may be friends, but they are in such a case merely aiding one another to dress. One may in this relation cite the case of a horse and a cow that lived in the same lot for years. The horse was a spoiled and petted creature. In some way he persuaded the cow to clean his glossy coat for him, but he was never seen to do any such favor for the cow.

The daintier animals of the forest, the giraffe, the deer, the antelope, always assist one another. Cornish, the naturalist, tells of one giraffe in a "zoo" which, when put into the institution, at once washed itself and made its coat glossy and bright everywhere except on its neck. As the weeks went by the neck became several shades darker than the body, because the creature could not reach it with its tongue.

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FROM ALL POINTS

ROOSTER CAN COUNT

A class in experimental psychology at the University of Chicago has found that a rooster can count. Kernels of corn were arranged in rows on the floor, every third kernel was tacked down. The rooster discovered this and passed up the stationary kernels. Then the third kernels were loosened and the rooster was set at his task. He skipped them until his foot struck one when, with a chuckle, he returned and ate all the kernels.

BANKER FEEDS PIGEONS

Wise Denver pigeons have learned that during the long, cold winter months it is not necessary for them to get up early and go out to catch worms.

At 8:30 o'clock each morning they begin to arrive on the window sill of the Maryland Casualty Company. At 9 o'clock John M. Richardson, their host, manager of the company, opens the window and serves his guests. After cleaning up everything that is given them, the pigeons go away until noon, when they return for another feast.

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN PIGEONS TO BE CARED FOR

The American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals announced recently that it would erect a shelter to care for the pigeons who will be dispossessed by the demolition of Madison Square Garden. The organization will also put up a drinking fountain for the birds in the center of the square and provide them with food when necessary.

New Yorkers who have been anxious for the fate of the pigeons, which are so tame that they will accept food from the hand, asked the society to provide for the pigeons. The organization found that the original flock had been somewhat broken up by a large portion of them moving into the tower of the Metropolitan Building. A sparrow hawk has also done much to cut down the number in the colony.

INDIAN CRIES ON RADIO PANICS CATS

Cats of every known variety ranging from the well-known great American alley cat, to the more exclusive Tabby, jumped sky high wide, not so many evenings ago, and all because of a recent Indian programme broadcast from KOA in which two natives of the Pueblo tribe mimicked wild birds and animals galore.

The mimics—Chief Evergreen Tree and Rising Sun—have since been overwhelmed with correspondence from dial twisters all over the country, much to their surprise at the vastness of their audience, and yet saddened by complaints from some few listeners that the mimics had annoyed beyond words.

Their imitation of the coyote was so realistic that a flock of cats, from as many simple homes took the air upon hearing these unearthly yells coming from the loud speaker, and, according to numerous letters written to the station, the cats have not been seen since. One fan wrote in to state the Chief Evergreen Tree imitation of the Bob White bird was so natural that the writer's pet cat was aroused from sleep and made attempts to find a Bob White in the loud speaker. This station, by the way, offered to produce the letter to those doubters and scoffers who may term this another radio story.

LAUGHS

Beggar—King gentleman, I beg your pardon—Gent (promptly)—Granted. I thought you were begging for money.

"My man, where did you become such an expert swimmer?" "Why, lady," responded our hero, modestly, "I used to be a traffic cop in Venice."

Mother—Your papa, dear, is a tea sampler. He samples the diffeernt kinds of tea. Bobbie—When I grow up, mamma, I'm goin' to be a candy sampler.

"Is the soil rich out in your country?" asked the city man. "Is it rich?" came from the farmer; "why, say, the soil is so rich out there that when the kids make mud pies they can eat 'em."

"How far." asked the one automobilist of another as they met at a turn in the road, "is it from here to the next town where there's a repair shop?" "Eleven hills, three bad bridges, one long stretch of deep sand and two arrests."

Mrs. Exe—Here's an invitation from Mrs. Boreleigh to one of her tiresome dinners. I hate them. Exe—Why not plead a previous engagement? Mrs. Exe—That would be a lie. Edith, dear, write Mrs. Boreleigh that we accept with pleasure.

"A burglar got into my house about 3 o'clock this morning when I was on my way home from the club," said Jones. "Did he get anything?" asked Bluffer. "I should say he did get something!" replied Jones. "The poor beggar is in the hospital. My wife thought it was me."

HERE AND THERE

OUR FLAG FOR PACIFIC ISLE

Swains Island in the Pacific, about 200 miles northeast of American Samoa, would be placed under American sovereignty under a resolution passed by the House, which concurs in a measure already approved by the Senate.

The island, which is one and one-half miles long and one mile wide, is the property of Alexander Jennings, an American citizen.

The population on last accounts comprised thirty adults and about forty children, and American sovereignty would permit establishment of a court system.

DOGS' TEETH AS COINS

Dogs' teeth are the Papuans' gold, the most valuable of "coins" in their estimation. They purchase weapons, cattle, grain and the crude household utensils with dogs' teeth. Only the front canine teeth, however, are of any value, all the others being worthless.

These quaint coins are threaded on fibers, and when a wealthy Papuan goes trading he brings with him strings of these teeth. The women prize them greatly, and make them into necklaces, their wealth and standing in the community being indicated by the number of teeth which compose these ornaments.

The wives and daughters of the influential chiefs wear rows upon rows of them around their necks on every festive occasion. They polish them until they shine like ivory, and they certainly make an effective decoration on a glossy, black body.

The men, on the other hand, adorn themselves with rare and beautiful feathers. One necklet shown to the writer was composed of no fewer than 320 teeth, which means that eighty dogs were sacrificed to obtain them.

HOW SEEDS TRAVEL

Some seeds make journeys with wings, and others travel from place to place by attaching themselves to the clothes of men or the hair of animals; still others are transported by birds, says a writer in *St. Nicholas*.

The seeds of the maple tree are particularly interesting. They are provided with wings, and when they become detached from the parent tree a gentle breeze will carry them a considerable distance from the branch to which they were attached. There are many forms and modifications of the winged seed, as the linden, the hornbeam, the elm and the pine. These are all common trees.

Some seeds are also provided with parachutes, or umbrellas, not for protection from rain and storm, but for purposes of locomotion. The seeds of the thistle, the milkweed and the dandelion—in fact, the seeds of all plants which have a cottony growth—are provided for these aerial journeys.

Besides these, some weeds are provided with hooked appendages by which they can attach themselves to the clothing of men or the hair of animals, and so are carried from place to place.

FAITHFUL SHEEP DOGS

The shepherds of the Pyrenees employ their peculiar breed of dogs to guard the sheep. They are long-haired, with ferocious temper, but very faithful and trustworthy. Attended by three of these dogs the shepherd will take his flock at early morning to the mountains, and having counted the sheep, go to other work and leave the dogs in charge.

It has been known on the approach of wolves for the three dogs to walk around and around the flock gradually confining them into so small a ring that one dog might easily look after them; then the remaining two would set off and engage the enemy, over whom, it is said, they always triumph.

A shepherd once set his dog "Shep" to watch a gap in his hurdles to prevent the sheep getting through while he went to see some friends. He forgot poor "Shep," and when he went next morning there was the dog still watching the gap, but nearly dead with cold. Through the long night the dog had never moved nor slept and not a single sheep had been allowed to wander.

Well may the shepherd feel an interest in his dog, for it is indeed he who earns the family bread, of which he is content to take the smallest morsel, always ready, always grateful, and ever anxious to exert his utmost abilities in his master's service. Neither hunger nor fatigue, nor the worst of treatment will drive him from his master's side.

THE FRIENDLY STORK

The stork, as everybody has read, is one of the oldest bird friends of man. It has always been a favorite of the former because of the merciless war it makes upon his enemies in the field. It has for centuries been protected by law, and there is no more picturesque figure in Holland and along the Rhine than the stork, perched upon his nest, in some lofty place, or surveying, as he balanced on one leg, his surroundings from a chimney or other point of vantage, in the heart of a city.

In Holland he is a sacred bird, because he protects the dikes by destroying the worms and insects which undermine and weaken their wooden braces. In Germany the stork is regarded as bringing good luck to any house which it selects for its home and breeding place, and there is no legend more popular than that of the stork and the babies. Perhaps no bird occupies so conspicuous a place in children's picture books.

The popular stork of Europe is the white stork, whose plumage is pure white, with deep black trimmings and bright red legs and bill. It averages more than three feet in height when full grown, and in flight, high in the air, with its long legs stretched out straight behind, it makes a most picturesque object.

In the "courting season" the male stork is very amusing to watch, circling around the observant female with an awkward dancing step, extending and posturing with its wings, and emitting a clattering noise from its mandibles, for it has no voice.

POINTS OF INTEREST

CATTLE THAT EAT FISH

The use of fish as food for cattle is an idea more novel than agreeable. According to *Nature*, however, it is a common practice in various parts of the world. In Shetland and Iceland the farmers feed dry salt fish to cattle, sheep, and even to horses. Cecil Wood, describing experiments of this nature, mentions that certain special cattle, kept for display at the village festivals in Nandyal, in India, are fed with mutton, and adds that it is a fairly common practise to make use of bandicoots by pounding them in a mortar and feeding them to cattle. In Mr. Wood's experiments, two lots of heifers were fed on dried fish diet and normal diet, respectively.

The animals took a little time to get used to the fish, but they ate it readily enough. At the end of six months the fish-fed heifers showed an average increase in weight of fifty-four pounds, as against seventy pounds for the normal fed animals.

INSISTING ON COMFORT FOR HIS FAITHFUL DOG

A home befitting a companion and friend has been found by eighty-two-year-old Jacob Siler of St. Louis Mo., for his dog, Joe. It's a farm having all the requirements outlined by his master.

Joe is a fox terrier, but he is more than just a dog to Siler; he's a companion and friend. The two have lived in a tiny house since the dog's birth ten years ago.

Recently Siler offered a legacy of \$5,000 to any person furnishing Joe a suitable home for life. A big farm, close to the city, a pond for Joe to swim in, a telephone, a dog and children for Joe to play with, a nearby settlement, and a nice big house, were the requisites.

About 1,200 offers were received and the place selected is the home of William I. Mertz, near Altheim, in St. Louis County. It not only will be the future residence of Joe, but also that of his aged master, for Mertz has offered to provide a home for both.

U. S. SEIZED SO MUCH RUM IT CAN HARDLY BE STORED

The problem of storing confiscated liquors has reached the stage that warrants it being placed next in importance to enforcement of the dry law. The government warehouses are full and several score others are under lease, yet, it was declared, there is not room for the constant inpouring of seized stocks.

"We are almost at wits' end," said Assistant Secretary Moss, "and there seems to be no promise of a let-up."

Department of Justice officials have taken steps to relieve the congestion through speeding up disposition of liquor held awaiting trial of alleged owners. All United States attorneys have been advised to hasten action on the liquor cases.

Prohibition authorities, excluding the Coast Guard, are estimated to have confiscated approximately 17,000,000 gallons last year.

PLANS FLIGHT TOWARD THE SUN

Henry Helft, a negro, when arraigned before Acting City Judge William S. Coffee at Mount Vernon, declared that he was "Chief Regent of New Argentine Imperial." He said his aim was to form an air expedition and travel 1,136 miles "into the solar system."

With him he had a copyrighted edition of "The Solar Path," a prospectus written by himself. He also had a quantity of bonds which he was accused of selling. They sell for \$20 in 1960, and the author of the book promises to redeem them. At present they are given away with each purchase of a volume of his works.

"The people refused to recognize Christopher Columbus for more than twenty years," he told Judge Coffee.

"What do you expect to do?" asked the Court. "Organize an expedition of airships and sail into the solar system. At a height of about 800 miles there is a solid land, a new earth. There we will find riches and precious stones in abundance and we intend to claim that new domain."

Judge Coffee suspended sentence on a vagrancy charge.

THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76

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- 1237 " Wild Ride; or, A Dash to Save a Fort.
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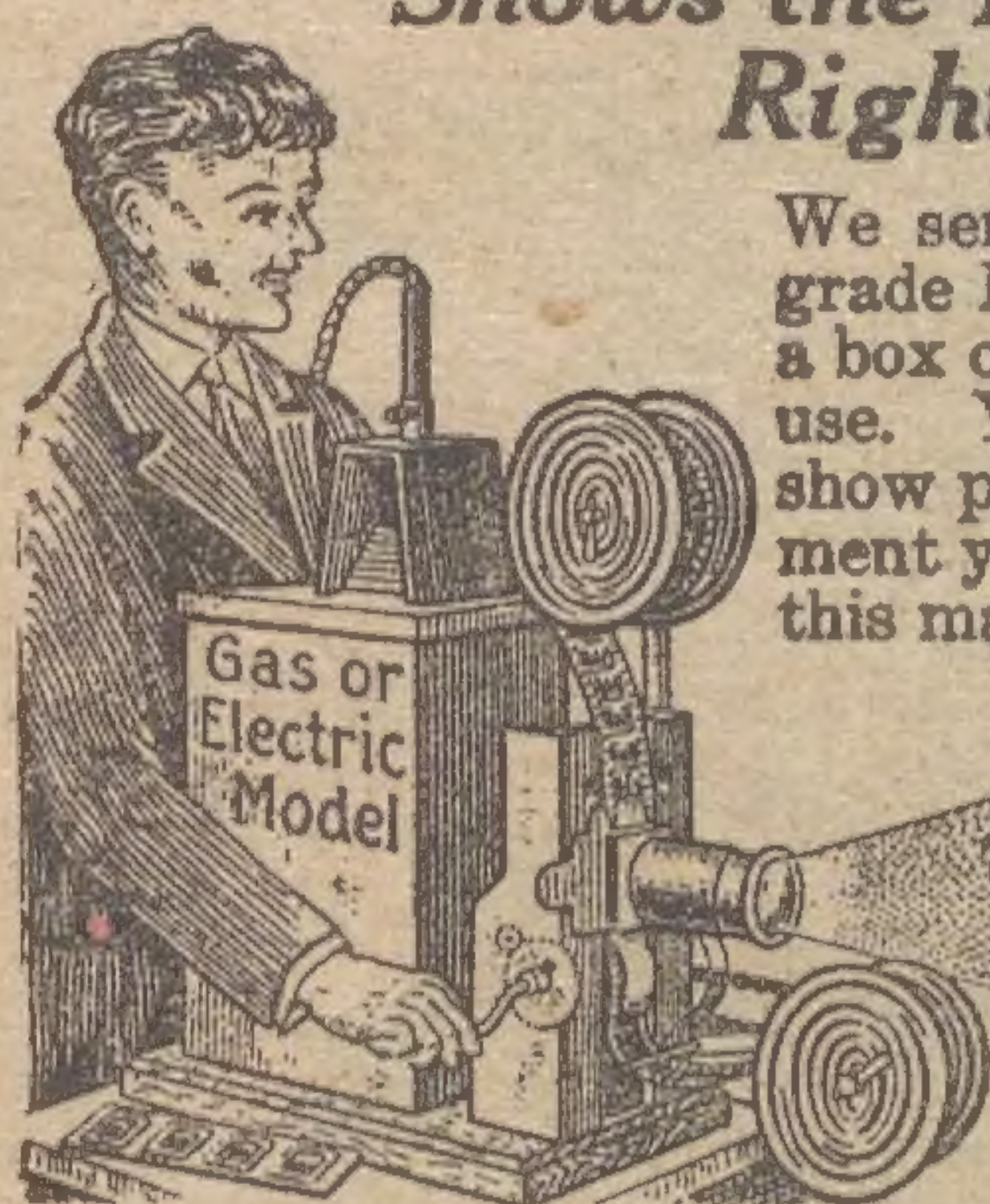
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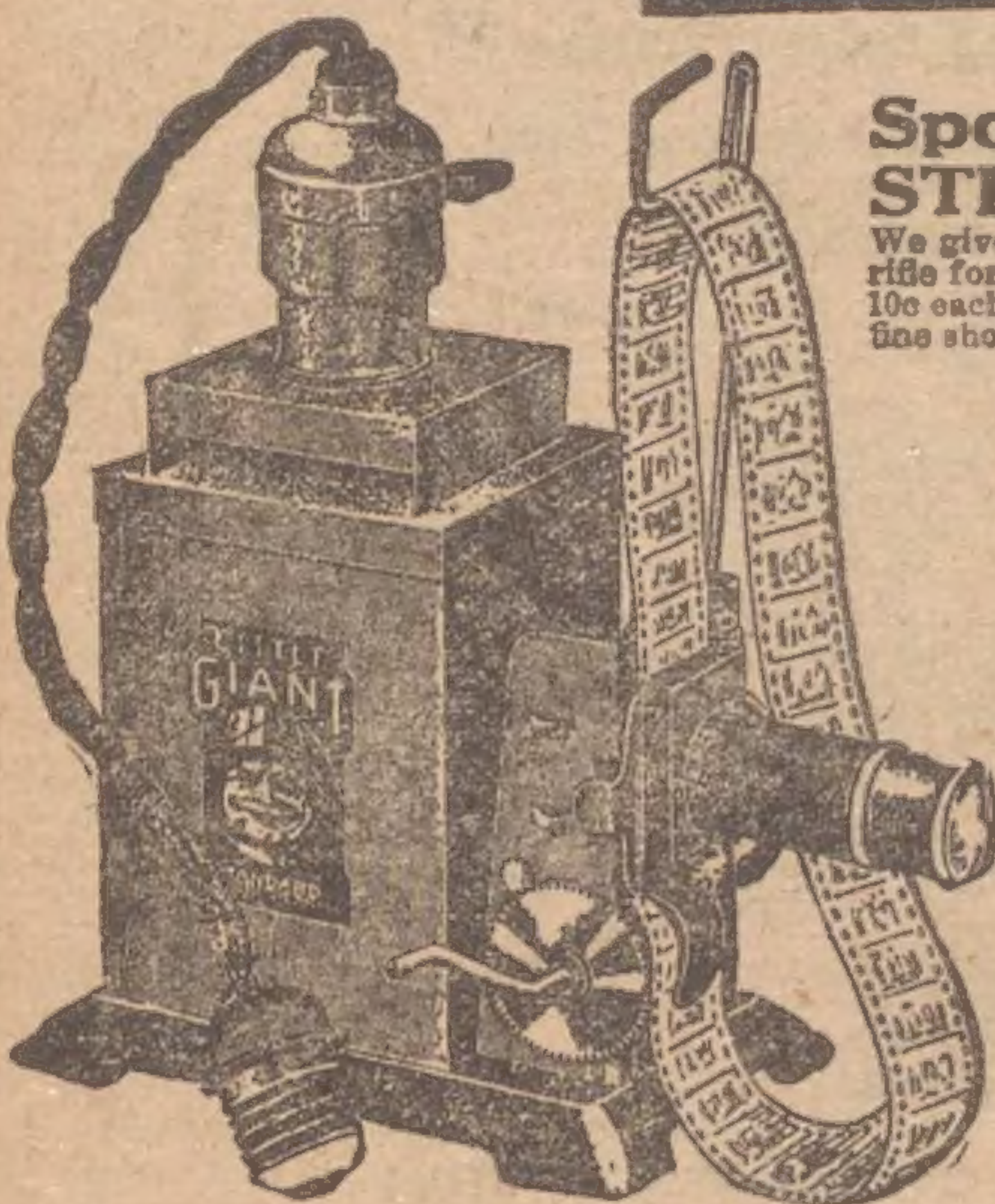
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